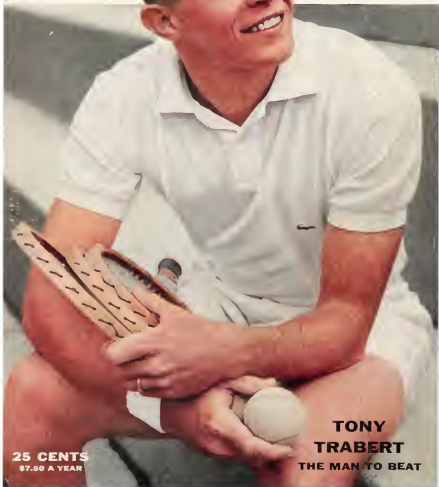


AUGUST 29, 1955

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED



25 CENTS
\$7.50 A YEAR

**TONY
TRABERT**
THE MAN TO BEAT



CAUGHT:

Acrilan catches luxury in a full-fashioned sweater you just wash and wear

Prize catch of the season: a sweater that's wonderfully luxurious... yet takes like a fish to water! Thanks to Acrilan acrylic fiber, it's rich-looking, soft-feeling, scratchless. And it stays that way: washes perfectly, dries fast, won't shrink or stretch or go baggy on you. And it won't fall prey to moths or mildew, either. Get a line on this Canterbury sweater soon. It's one catch you'll still be talking about next year!

SWEATER BY
Canterbury



LONG SLEEVED PULLOVER—\$1095 • SLEEVELESS PULLOVER—\$795 • AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE
THE CHEMSTRAND CORPORATION, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 1 • Fiber: ACRILAN® ACRYLIC FIBER—Decatur, Ala. • CHEMSTRAND® NYLON—Panama City, Fla.

B.F. Goodrich



Traction Express tires still going strong after 187,000 miles on original tread!

FRANKLIN P. CLOW is a leased broker in Aurora, Illinois, carrying freight into Missouri, Kansas and Texas. The tractor above operates 60 hours a week, hauls 15-ton loads. "It came equipped with regular highway tires," Clow (right) says, "that gave between 35,000 and 40,000 miles. Then I equipped it with

B. F. Goodrich Traction Express tires. I now have 187,000 miles on the original tread of all 6 tires and they look good for 225,000 miles!"

Other truck operators (below) report similar experiences with B. F. Goodrich Traction Express tires. One reason is the all-nylon tire body.

Why nylon saves you money

Nylon is stronger than ordinary cord materials, withstands double the impact and resists heat blowouts and flex breaks. The all-nylon Traction Express body outwears even its extra-thick tread—up to 46% thicker than that of a regular tire—can still be recapped over and over!

Find out how much you can save with B. F. Goodrich all-nylon Traction Express tires (rayon construction at lower prices). See your B. F. Goodrich retailer today—his address is listed under Tires in the Yellow Pages of your phone book—or write The B. F. Goodrich Co., Tire & Equipment Div., Akron 18, Ohio.

Specify B. F. Goodrich lines when ordering new trucks or trailers.



**B. F. Goodrich
TRUCK TIRES
Only \$19⁹⁵**

plus tax and your
responsible tire

6.00-16 EXPRESS

The Express is ideal for pick-up and delivery trucks, trailers and heavy-duty trucks. It has the same tread design that came on new roads, the same tread thickness as tires for fire trucks service. And at a fully guaranteed. All sizes through 34 1/2 D. proportionately low priced. Convenient sizes.



D. CANALE & CO., Memphis, Tenn., report "a nice reduction in our per-mile tire costs." These tires have lasted 99,118 miles, with another 50,000 to go before recapping.



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF (and more) Henry R. Lane
PRESIDENT Roy E. Larsen

Managing Editor . . . Sidney L. James
Asst. Managing Editor . . . Richard W. Johnston
News Editor . . . John Thibby
Asst. to the Managing Editor
Henry J. Romney

Associate Editors

Peter Barrett, Robert Creanor, Andrew Griebel, Gerald Holland, Martin Kane, Percy Knapp, Paul O'Neill, Fred Smith, Jerome Snyder (Art Director), Whitney Towner, Herbert Warren Wind, Norton Wood, Alfred Wright.

Staff Writers

Kate Hewes, Robert H. Bayle, William Chapman, N. Lee Griggs, Mervyn Hymon, Cole Phinizy, Elaine St. Maur, Dorothy Strall, Jeremiah Taz, Roy Terrell, Reginald Wells, William E. White.

Photography

Picture Editor: Gerald Astor
Staff Photographers: Meek Kuffman, Richard Meek, Hy Peavin.
Assistants: Betty Dick, Dorothy Moss

Reporters

Honor Philip Patrick (Chief): Paul Abramson, Ja Ahern, Betty Brindley, Carolyn St. Brown, Iris Chelomian, Alice Higgins, Virginia Kraft, Morten Lund, Richard Phelan, Gilbert Rogin, Kenneth Rudson, Mary Snow, Ann Weeks, Lester Woodcock.

Editorial Assistants

Sherry Keen, Anneliese Maus, Eleanor Milne.

Production

Arthur L. Rowley (Chief): Beatrice Gottlieb (Copy Desk): Betty De Menter, Robert Lehnig, Beatrice Paul, Helen Taylor.

Layout

Alfred Zagaro (Chief): William Bernstein, Frank Camarozola, Harvey Grist, Martin Nathan.

Administrative Assistants

Maureen Harris, Elizabeth McKenna.

Special Contributors

Robert Bayer Jr., John Bentley, Duane Decker, Herman Hickman, Jimmy Jamal, Victor Kalman, Bill Maundin, John O'Reilly, Charles Preston, David Schulberg, H. Allen Smith, Rod Smith, Homer Sutton, William T. Talbert, Jerome Weidman, Philip Wylie, Ed Zerk.

U. S. & Foreign Bureaus

Newsmen: Earl Hutton
Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit, Atlanta, Boston, Dallas, Houston, Denver, San Francisco, Seattle, Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto (Lawrence Laybourne, Chief of Correspondents)
London, Paris, Bonn, Rome, Madrid, Johannesburg, Beirut, New Delhi, Singapore, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Mexico City, Guatemala City, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires (Marion Goodrich, Chief of Correspondents).

Publisher H. H. S. Phillips Jr.

Advertising Director William W. Holman

Subscription Rates: To the U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions except Hawaii and Alaska, 1 yr. \$7.50. Air-mailed outside to Alaska and Hawaii, 1 yr. \$12.00. All other subscriptions, 1 yr. \$15.00. Please address all correspondence concerning SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's editorial and administrative matters to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 3 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y. and all subscription correspondence to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Changes of address require four weeks' notice. Please name magazine and furnish address reprint from a recent issue, or state exactly how magazine is addressed. Change cannot be made without old as well as new address, including postal zone number. TIME INC. also publishes: *TIME*, *LIFE*, *FORUM*, *ARCHITECTURAL FORUM* and *BOYS & GIRLS*. Chairman, Maurice T. Moore, President, Roy E. Larsen. Executive Vice President for Publishing, Edward Blech; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, Charles L. Hoffman; Vice President and Secretary, D. W. Brumby; Vice President, Bernard Burns; Allen Graves, Andrew Hensell, C. D. Johnson, J. Edward King, James A. Leon, Ralph D. Papp, Jr., P. S. Prentice, Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Arnold W. Carlson.

DURING the past 20 years the development of equipment like snug-fitting diving masks, rubber flippers and mechanical air lungs has made skin diving a flourishing sport and turned underwater regions once reserved for fish, pearls and sunken treasures into a sportsman's playground.

In our Aug. 1 issue Philip Wylie described the mysterious lure which changed him from a fish catcher to a fish watcher. In next week's *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* Coles Phinizy tells another part of this story with an account of last year's national spearfishing champions, the Pinder brothers. An accompanying eight pages in full color by Ed Fisher illustrate the Pinders hunting in their watery preserve for leopard rays, moray eels, hogfish and turtles.

Phinizy himself, more a submarine observer than hunter, has been a devoted recruit to skin diving ever since he did a story on a submerged Spanish galleon when he was a *LIFE* writer. And now a day off frequently finds him with his 10-year-old son, scrutinizing the bottom of some nearby body of water.

Skin diving, of course, goes on everywhere; and estimates place the growing number of active addicts in this country alone at between one and two million. On Phinizy's recent trip to Australia to report on the Olympic preparations, he found a skin-diving boom. The subject kept intruding into conversations he was trying to steer closer to his assignment. And on his stopover at Fiji it seemed as if the only person not wearing flippers was the great native fisherman, Samson Wallai, whose size 16 feet make them redundant.

"Skin diving," Phinizy says, "is almost literally for everybody. Six feet of water in Long Island Sound may not match the Bahamas, but even there you can see a weightless, amber world you never knew before: three horseshoe



crabs sitting in a circle, an eel staring at its reflection in a beer bottle, blackfish nibbling at barnacles. Sometimes in some waters a few interesting creatures like barracuda and sharks may take a bit too much interest in you, or a school of mutton snappers may crowd out the view. But most of them go about their business as if you had been living with them all your life. And after a while you get the pleasant, unearthly feeling that indeed you have."

Harry Phillips

- 4 SCOREBOARD 32 THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT 52 COMING EVENTS
9 EVENTS & DISCOVERIES 45 FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR 65 THE 13TH HOLE
68 PAT ON THE BACK

SI TENNIS SPECIAL

DAVIS CUP PREVIEW:

U.S. Team Captain WILLIAM F. TALBERT evaluates the players in this week's Challenge Round and selects the Americans (page 17). So does Tony Trabert in a revealing CONVERSATION PIECE by WHITNEY TOWER (page 31). Win or lose, sportsmanship is the thing, writes ROBERT GORDON MENZIES in a delightfully reminiscence essay covering 50 years of international tennis (page 55). Plus a four-page SPECTACLE of the magnificent stadium and clubhouse at Forest Hills in COLOR (page 23).

58 ... AND NOW THE MATCH RACE

Swags, the golden horse from the Golden West, handily won the American Derby last Saturday, and Gurner Rex Ellsworth proclaimed: "One of these days we'll have a turn him loose." The chance will come August 31 in the match race with Nashua.

32 MAN TO BEAT AT DEVIL'S LAKE

Youthful Don Bolducini, reports EZRA BOWEN, looks like a winner again at the APRA national stock outboard races in Oregon this week.

34 OUFY AT THE SEA

The late RAOUL DUFEY, great French impressionist, records in sun-bright watercolors his enchantment with the beauty of the great regatta in Europe's chic resorts.

46 MR. SMITH MEETS THE PRESIDENT

Average Cubans EDMUND WARE SMITH receives an invitation to an unusual backwoods meal. Guest of honor? A man by the name of Eisenhower.

56 WORLD'S GREATEST PLEASURE HORSE

The gentle Tennessee Walking Horse with his "rocking chair" ride is fast becoming one of the nation's favorite pleasure mounts. REGINALD WELLS tells all about it, and the greatest of them all, Midnight Sun, is portrayed in COLOR.

THE DEPARTMENTS:

6 Hotbox: JIMMY JEMAIL asks the world's best tennis players: Who was your toughest opponent?

37 Boating: In the family of class boats the perky Blue Jay is coming along so fast that Dad now vies with Junior for its use.

39 Baseball: ROBERT CREAMER warns that a minor incident in an unimportant game could have a lasting significance in the life of Willie Mays.

41 Motors: JOHN BENTLEY road-tests the new Triumph TR2 and pronounces it fit for double duty.

43 Tip from the Top: JULIUS BOROS, pro at Southern Pines, N.C., sees bad trouble in bobbing heads.

44 Column of the Week: DICK CULLUM of the Minneapolis Morning Tribune overhears two well-prospected high school hopefuls.

45 Yesterday: ROBERT L. SLEVIN recounts Babe Ruth's last great day at bat on an unlikely afternoon in 1935.



COVER: TONY TRABERT

Photograph by Arnold Newman

Upon returning from a hitch in the U.S. Navy in 1953, Tony Trabert, already a highly talented tennis player, set an ambitious goal for himself: to become the world's foremost amateur star. This year, with both the French and Wimbledon titles tucked away, the 25-year-old Cincinnati youth is very close to his goal. In the CONVERSATION PIECE on page 31 he says he is confident of achieving it this weekend at Forest Hills, where, as No. 1 man on the U.S. Davis Cup team, he will lead in defending the cup against the challenge of the Australian squad.

Art by Bolducini on page 32

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW

On the eve of the new season Alfred Wright journeys among the behemoths, from the world champion Cleveland Browns to the not-so-weak Baltimore Colts.

UNDERSEA WITH THE PINDERS

Coles Phinizy follows Florida's Pinder brothers, the U.S.'s top spearfishermen, from Key West to the Bahamas—under water. With eight pages in color.

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Lenie de Nijs**, 16-year-old Dutch swim phenomenon, hauled down third women's world record in less than month, swam 800-yard freestyle in 10:58.1 in Kromme Rijn Pool, Utrecht, The Netherlands. Old mark: 11:09.2 by Australia's Lorraine Crapp in 1954. ● **Mary Jane Sears**, Wanda Werner, **Shelley Mann** and **Dougie Gray** of Washington's Walter Reed Swim Club covered 400-yard medley relay in 4:39.5 for world standard in Canadian Swimming and Diving Championships (Montreal). Former recognized record: 4:54.4 by Lafayette (Ind.) SC

in 1954. ● **Lloyd Scott** of Long Beach, Calif. set drag-racing record by powering car "Buckle Bomb" (Oldsmobile engine in front, Cadillac engine in rear) to speed of 151.007 mph in World Series of Drag Racing, Lawrenceville, Ill. Former mark: 147 mph by Scott earlier this month. ● **Georges Frateceur**, 18-year-old eager beaver, tossed baseball steadily for nine hours flat, wore out dozen catchers, claimed world "pitchathon" record, at Shawing Falls, Que. Old record: six hours and 45 minutes by ex-Brooklyn Mariner Jean Pierre Roy of Montreal in 1955.

HARNESS RACING

John Froehet's Quick Chief, driven by **Billy Haughton**, moved into lead on first tour of backstretch of mile-and-a-halfteen race, best off bid by Meadow Acre, won \$71,040 William H. Case Futurity Pace by neck at Yonkers Raceway, N.Y.

Frisco Flyer, **Paul Wilson's** impressive 3-year-old, overcame field of 11 rivals, captured \$33,712 pace for 3-year-olds at Illinois State Fair, Springfield. Other state fair winners: **Hugh Grant's** Marathon Hanover, \$52,512 trot for 3-year-olds; **Shiwassee Stable's Double Me**, \$55,437 pace for 2-year-olds; **Olen Humphries' Peggy Key**, \$55,637 trot for 2-year-olds.

BASEBALL

Milwaukee Braves, closing fast in National League race, took three out of four from St. Louis and three straight from Cubs. Veteran **Warren Spahn** won two games from Cards, chipped in with homer, triple, single in first game. Brooklyn Dodgers, looking like chumps of yesterday, played as though already in Jersey City, dropped two of three to New York Giants, then lost three straight to Philadelphia, 3-2, 3-2, 6-4, in series marked by clash between **Phil's** **Robin Roberts** and **Brooks' Don Newcombe**. In opener, Roberts won No. 20, and Newk angrily pounded glove with fist after throwing double-play ball into outfield in ninth. In second game, Roberts relieved in ninth with two on, two out, got pinch-hitter Newcombe to ground out, Roberts unassisted. In third game, Roberts took day off, but Newk pinch hit in ninth, fled out to end game with bases loaded.

Cincinnati Redlegs, flashing fine form, took two of three from Chicago, swept three from fast-fading St. Louis, 7-5, 7-4, 4-6, last game a 4-hitter by Rookie **Don Gross** as Wally Pate drove in 3 runs on 5th homer, single.

New York Yankees edged up from second place to first in mixed-up American League race. Yanks clipped Baltimore twice, winning first on **Hank Bauer's** ninth-inning homer, split with Boston, then won three from Orioles, 5-0 (2-hitter by **Whitey Ford**), 3-2, 6-1 (**Don Larsen's** second win of week). **Chicago White Sox**, scant ½ game behind Yanks, won two of three from Kansas City, mowed down Detroit, 3-0, 6-7, 2-0, 4-1. **Billy Pierce** and **Connie Johnson** pitched shutouts. In 8-7 victory, White Sox stormed from behind as **Old Pro George Kell** knocked in 3 runs. Tigers took two of three from Cleveland, including 2-hit shutout by **Billy Hoft**, but Indians bounced back to win three from A's as

Relievers **Ray Narleski**, **Art Houtteman** and **Jose Santiago** replaced **Mike Garcia**, **Early Wynn** and **Bob Lemen**. **Boston Red Sox** won 4, lost 2 in week. Big hero: **Ike Delock** who subdued Yanks 7-1, saved 4-1 win Sunday at Washington.

Terre Haute, Ind. youngsters came up with 4 runs in last inning, beat Birmingham, Ala. 5-4, won Babe Ruth League World Series at Austin, Tex.

PRO FOOTBALL

Eddie LeBaron, pint-sized Washington quarterback, threw four touchdown passes, led Redskins to 31-28 exhibition victory over Rams before crowd of 77,395 at Los Angeles.

New York Giants, thanks to passing of **Don Heinrich**, running of **Bobby Epps**, ground out 28-17 win over San Francisco 49ers before 49,050 fans in exhibition at Seattle.

Ted Wazert, Philadelphia rookie, scooted 83 yards for first touchdown, made end run for second, led Eagles to 14-8 exhibition win over Detroit Lions at Dallas.

Cleveland Browns put together touchdown by **Fred Morrison**, two field goals by **Lou Gross**, gained 13-7 win over Green Bay Packers in exhibition game before 22,000 at Akron, Ohio.

Otthe Matson and **Dave Mann**, running, **Lamar McLean**, passing, gave Chicago Cardinals 21-6 victory over Chicago Bears in exhibition before 24,000 in Gator Bowl, Jacksonville, Fla.

CHESS

Nicholas Rossolimo, onetime New York box boy and former French champion, outtrained 155 other double-doubles, won U.S. Open championship at Long Beach, Calif. Rossolimo and **Samuel Reshevsky** each wound up with 16-2 tournament record, but Rossolimo won on points, 62½ to 61½.

BOXING

Bob Satterfield, glass-chinned Chicago heavyweight (knocked out 11 times in career), kept landing with overhand right, felled Cuba's befuddled Nino Valdes for 8-count in 14th, won unanimous decision at Chicago Stadium.

Neal Rivers, Niagara Falls middleweight, floored Veteran **Jimmy King**, then took 8-count himself, hung on grimly to capture unanimous decision in savage 18-rounder at New York.

Maurice Harper, **Sid Flaherty's** welterweight hope, pounded **Al Villalaz** at will, won 7-round TKO at Stockton, Calif.

Charles E. Potter, Michigan Republican, acting on resolution adopted by National

Boxing Association, said he would recommend Senate probe into boxing's underworld ties. Dead-gunned President **James D. Norris** of NBC: "I don't deal with racketeers." (See page 11).

HORSE RACING

Swaps, Kentucky Derby winner prepping for match race with Nashua, raced first time on grass, took \$146,455 American Derby at Washington Park, Homewood, Ill. (See page 18).

Alfred Vanderbilt's Social Outcast, **Eric Guertin** up, captured lead in stretch, won \$55,700 Saratoga Handicap by 3 lengths over **Red Hannigan** at Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Win pushed 6-year-old gelding's total earnings to \$334,809.

Brookmeade Stable's County Clare were down leaders under urging from **Jokey Sam Bailett**, won \$82,875 Atlantic City Turf Handicap by length and three-quarters over **Kaster**, at May's Landing, N.J.

Career Boy, C. V. Whitney's 3-year-old colt, turned on speed in stretch, captured \$26,425 Grand Union Hotel Stakes at Saratoga Springs, **Hedley Woodhouse** up.

S. G. Babbitt's Speed Rouser lived up to name, edged favored **Racing Foul** by neck, took \$24,450 Great Lakes Stakes at Randall Park, Cleveland.

Trigonometry, 21-1 longshot, came from nowhere, ran off with \$21,759 San Diego Handicap in track record time of 1:41 1/5 for mile and sixteenth at Del Mar, Calif.

Wheatley Stable's Misty Morn took some left-handed whipping from **Jokey Ted Atkinson**, won \$23,409 Diana Handicap by length and one-half at Saratoga Springs.

SWIMMING

Shelley Mann of Washington's Walter Reed Swim Club broke two Canadian records, was clocked in 38.9 in women's 100-yard freestyle and 2:26.4 in 200-yard medley swim in Canadian Swimming and Diving Championships at Montreal. **Mary Jane Sears** of Walter Reed captured 200-yard breaststroke in 2:39.8 and 100-yard butterfly in 1:05.6 for two more Canadian standards, and **Miss Dougie Gray** of Walter Reed took 440-yard freestyle in 5:09.5 for still another Canadian women's record. **Charles (Chuck) Staggman**, 18-year-old Cincinnati high school boy, held up reputation for U.S. men, performed 200-yard butterfly in 2:11.7, 440-yard freestyle in 4:48.8 and 1,650-yard freestyle in 19:42.3 to crack three Canadian men's marks.

BULL FIGHTING

Bette Ford, 24-year-old nonflora from McKeesport, Pa., made first appearance in Mexico City arena, had crowd of 10,000

in uproar, received two ears for day's work. Mumbled one martini critic: "A part from being a woman, a promising fighter."

CASTING

Marion Garher, Toledo, Ohio wrist-flicker and sporting-goods salesman, captured all-round casting championship in National Fly and Bait Casting tournament at St. Louis. Mel Gavin, 16-year-old St. Louis high school girl, ran away with women's honors, won all-accuracy, accuracy halts and accuracy fish events. St. Louis Fly and Bait Casting Club took team accuracy honors with 479 points.

CRICKET

England, to vast relief of startled Oval on-lookers, took beat series from South Africa, three matches to two. England won final match with 151 and 204 to South Africa's 112 and 151 after Springboks had rallied to take third and fourth matches.

SAILING

Briggs Cunningham, race-car sportsman and veteran milor, slipped Spindrift to victory in Atlantic Class national championships with five-race final point score of 81, at Sea Cliff, N.Y. Hoyt Perry was runner-up with 80 points, and Author John Hersey third with 77; all three members of Connecticut's Pequot Yacht Club (see page 24).

Fred Hibberd Jr. of Rye, N.Y., 16-year-old son of Loren Hibberd, onetime women's national champion, captured Long Island Sound junior championship with 17 points, at Larchmont, N.Y.

SOCCER

Left Winger Bjen of Soviet Union's All-Star team broke up 2-2 tie with West Germany's world champions, booted goal in 71st minute to give Russians come-from-behind victory before 30,000 howling fans in Moscow's Dynamo Stadium.

TRACK & FIELD

Wes Santee, former Kansas star now serving as Marine Corps lieutenant, put on last lap spurt, nipped U.S. Army's Fred Dwyer and Britain's Gordon Pirie by 3 yards in mile race at Toronto. Santee clocked slow 4:11.1 in 95th heat.

Ted Corbett, physical therapist running for Pioneer A.C., outlasted heat, outdistanced competitors, took Canadian Marathon championship at Trois Rivières, Que. Corbett covered classic 26-mile, 385-yard distance in 3:00.05.

GOLF

Arnold Palmer, husky 25-year-old pro from Latrobe, Pa., shot final round 70 in 106th heat for 72-hole total of 265, walked off with \$15,000 Canadian Open championship at Toronto, four strokes ahead of Runner-up Jack Burke Jr.

MILEPOSTS

FLUNKED—J. C. Caroline, 22, 1953 All-American halfback and captain-elect of 1956 Illinois football team, summer school course in psychology; at Champaign, Ill. Brooded Coach Ray Eliot: "He was my No. 1 offensive man, No. 1 defensive man, No. 1 punter. . . . This is a serious blow to Illinois."

MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL (Week Ending August 21)

AMERICAN LEAGUE				NATIONAL LEAGUE			
New York	Baltimore	Engle	Boston	St. Louis	New York	Pittsburgh	Philadelphia
W-6, L-1	3-4, 13-6	12-6, 1-7	6-4, 3-2	W-1, L-5	3-5, 1-6	2-3, 2-3	4-8
Sets: 75-47				Sets: 78-42			
Pct: .615				Pct: .550			
2 Chicago	Kansas City	Detroit		5 Milwaukee	St. Louis	Chicago	
W-6, L-1	3-4, 4-3	3-0, 2-7		W-6, L-1	12-1, 2-7	7-0, 6-1	
Sets: 73-46	3-5	3-0, 2-7		Sets: 47-55	11-4, 3-3	6-1	
Pct: .615				Pct: .557			
3 Cleveland	Detroit	Kansas City		6 New York	Brocklyn	Pittsburgh	
W-4, L-2	0-7, 5-9	3-1, 7-5		W-3, L-2	3-2, 3-1	3-3, 14-9	
Sets: 74-48	3-2	9-4		Sets: 66-50	5-8		
Pct: .607				Pct: .525			
4 Boston	Washington	New York	Washington	4 Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	Brocklyn	
W-4, L-7	8-4	6-13, 7-1	8-0, 2-4	W-1, L-1	12-3, 4-6	3-0, 3-2	
Sets: 70-51				Sets: 43-61	4-8		
Pct: .579				Pct: .508			
5 Detroit	Cleveland	Chicago		5 Cincinnati	Chicago	St. Louis	
W-4, L-5	7-0, 9-8	6-5, 7-8		W-1, L-1	11-5, 2-3	7-5, 7-4	
Sets: 67-63	3-5	0-2, 3-8		Sets: 61-63	2-1	4-0	
Pct: .508				Pct: .497			
6 Kansas City	Chicago	Cleveland		6 Chicago	Cincinnati	Washington	
W-1, L-5	4-5, 2-6	1-2, 5-7		W-1, L-5	2-11, 3-2	1-7, 1-6	
Sets: 49-78	5-3	4-5		Sets: 58-68	1-2	3-8	
Pct: .388				Pct: .405			
7 Washington	Boston	Baltimore	Boston	7 St. Louis	Milwaukee	Cincinnati	
W-1, L-4	4-8	2-7	0-8, 6-2	W-1, L-4	1-12, 2-2	5-7, 6-7	
Sets: 43-76			1-4	Sets: 51-68	4-11, 3-5	0-4	
Pct: .284				Pct: .433			
8 New York	Washington	New York		8 Pittsburgh	Philadelphia	New York	
W-1, L-5	4-5, 6-12	7-2	0-3, 2-3	W-1, L-3	3-12, 4-4	6-3, 5-14	
Sets: 37-83			0-6	Sets: 45-77			
Pct: .310				Pct: .349			

INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

Runs—Al Kaline, Detroit, 381
Runs batted in—Jackie Jensen, Boston, 98
Home runs—Mickey Vernon, New York, 32
Pitching—Tommy Byrne, New York, 12-3

INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

Runs—Rich Ashburn, Philadelphia, 321
Runs batted in—Duke Solder, Brooklyn, 111
Home runs—Ted Kaczmarek, Cincinnati, 41
Pitching—Joe Nemecek, Brooklyn, 12-4

OTHER RESULTS FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

(HOMER BEEBE, Phoenix, Ariz., AAA 100-mile national championship race, in 1:06.848, Springfield, Ill.)
RASHADU TEGUI, Daytona Beach, Fla., AAA 100-mile stock-car race in 1:09 Chevrolet, led 120 laps, 50 laps back

BOXING

MARIO D'AGATA, 8-round KO over Lou McHugh, Main, Torrington, Maine, Boston.
RAYMOND, 10-round decision over Joe Black, welterweight, Los Angeles.
KENNY LANE, 10-round decision over Freddie Kahl, heavyweight, Miami Beach.
RONN, 10-round KO over Earl Howard, light-heavyweight, Houston.
OSCAR PITA, 10-round decision over Earl Johnson, welterweight, Tucson, Ariz.
ROBERT J. JONES, 10-round decision over Glen Fleming, welterweight, Dallas, N.Y.

CHECKERS

MARION TINKLEY, Columbus, Ohio, 3-0 (2 draws) in 40 game match over Walter Holman, instant checkers, New York, N.Y.

GOLF

CHARLEY EOWELL, Birmingham, Ala., with second 20 for 36 holes, National Bird Golfers Association tournament, Philadelphia.
RETTA HUNTER, San Antonio, with 218 for 54 holes, first Women's open, Maywood, N.Y.
CAROL L. HANLEY, Brooklyn, 4-and-3 over Jackie Goodman, U.S.A. national golf, junior championship, Roselle, N.J.
HILLY SHANKS, Bakersfield, Calif., sudden-death win over Don Rice, Junior National junior golf championship, Los Angeles.
JOHN CHASE WAGNER, Windsor, Ill., with 283 for 72 holes, Golf Links Amateur tournament, Chicago.
GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY'S JOE ENGINE DIVISION, Cincinnati, with aggregate 357 Midwest individual tournament at Canton, Ohio.

HARNESS RACING

SABOTIER, \$16,250 Greyhound State Cl. Jr.-old (hot) trot, 1 m., both heats, Illinois State Fair, Springfield.
HUSKEY, \$15,300 All-Star Trot State Cl. (top 4) (hot) 1 m., 2nd at 3 heats, Illinois State Fair, Springfield.
GRATIS HANOVER, \$13,400 N.Y. Warmup race, 1 m., by 1 1/2 lengths, in 2:02, Yorkville Racetrack, N.Y. Suffolk Roadster driver.

HORSE RACING

AVIS, \$12,725 Old Colony Juvenile Stakes T.F., by neck, in 1:38 3/5, Elmendorf Downs, Ontario, 8 1/2 furlongs (stayed up).

MOTORBOATING

(Northern Lake George Reg. stock-outboard motorboat, Regatta, N.Y.)
GEORGE BOLEMAN, Ithaca, N.Y., 34 mins. in 2:53.25
FRANK DE WALT, Randolph, Pa., 34 mins. in 2:55.5
JAMES J. SAVAGE, New Brunswick, N.J., DU clock in 2:14.

CRUCE WHITNEY, Birmingham, Mich., 40 mins. in 2:42.30

MOTORCYCLING

EVERETT BRADSHAW, Beaumont, Tex., 25-mile national championship, in 17:36.20 at Springfield, Ill.

POLO

ARMA STARS over Huntington, N.Y., 12-1, Huntington, N.Y.
BRANDYNE, Pa., over All-Stars, 3-0, at Knott's Tavern, Pa.
CALIFORNIA CRESCENTS, over Diamond B of Tex., 12-4, at Houston, Tex.
DETROIT over Dallas FC, 8-6, Milwaukee.
GO DETROIT over Valley Rangers of Detroit, 10-5, Chicago.
HUNTINGTON, N.Y., over Meadow Brook, N.Y., 12-6, Huntington, N.Y.
KETCHICK, N.Y., over Long Island City, 12-1, Huntington, N.Y.

ROGUE

SOUTH AFRICA over British Isles, 25-6, Capetown.

SAILING

ELL COX, New York, Conn., Long Island Sound Light-10 mile championship, with 50% pts., Kearsley, Conn. Race won by Adolf Beyer, Jr.

SOCCER

ONTARIO ALL-STARS over New York All-Stars, 8-1, Toronto.

SWIMMING

FRANK BRUNELL, Philadelphia, AAU long-distance championship, 4 mi. in 1:08.28, AAU, Long Beach, N.Y.

TENNIS

JOHANN KUPFERBERGER, South Africa, over Gladys Murray, 4-6, 2-5, 5-7, Ontario singles championship.
WHITNEY BOB, Denver, 2-0, Colorado, Calif., over Fred H. Richard May, 6-1, 7-6, 6-3, 8-6, Air Force Worldwide tournament, Washington, D.C.
GEORGE CHANDLER and GERALD STRATFORD, San Francisco, over Edward Jordan and C. Alphonse Smith, 6-3, 6-0, senior men's title National Outdoor tennis tournament, Boston, Mass.
(American Tennis Association tournament, Waterbury, Conn.)
ALTA GIBSON, N.Y., N.Y. over Mrs. Hazel Vaughan 6-3, 6-0, women's singles.
ROBERT RYLAND, Brooklyn, Tenn., over Howard Hanks 6-1, 6-2, 6-5, men's singles.
(Canadian Tennis Championships, Ottawa)
SMITH CHAPMAN, Montreal, over Francis Gosselin 6-1, 2-6, 6-1, 6-1, men's singles.
ELEANOR DODGE, Montreal, over Phyllis Safford, 6-0, 6-2, women's singles.
(Ontario Tennis Championships, Pittsburgh)
CLYDE HOPKINS, San Bernardino, Calif., over Ben Soderberg, 6-0, 6-1, 7-6, 10-8, men's singles.
HILARY GIBSON, Detroit, over Mary Ann Plessner, 6-7, 6-2, 6-4, women's singles.

TRACK & FIELD

LYMAN FRASIER, Baltimore Olympic Club, national all-around championship, with 8,713 pts., College Park, Md.

**JIMMY JEMAIL'S
HOTBOX**



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

**What tennis player
gave you
your toughest match?**

BILL TALBERT, New York

**Captain,
U.S. Davis Cup team**



"Bobby Riggs. When a man beats you 23 times in a row he must be considered your toughest opponent. It got pretty dull. He

was a great tactician, extremely steady off the ground. I compare him to Carl Hubbell in baseball. Like Carl, he never gave you anything to hit."

GUSSIE MORAN, New York

**U.S. Women's Indoor
champion, 1949**



"Opening night at Madison Square Garden, when I turned pro, Pauline Betz really gave me a beating. In straight sets too. I

remember being introduced and my knees knocking together in rhythm to *The Star-Spangled Banner*. The news reports said I was not only badly beaten but outdressed."

HELEN JACOBS, New York

**U.S. and Wimbledon
champion**



"Hilda Krahwinkel Sperling in the 1936 Wimbledon. Neither of us had won that title and we battled for three hours. The match meant so much to us that at its conclusion we were too winded to speak when we met at the net. All we could do was shake hands and smile in understanding."

TAKEICHI HARADA, Okayama, Japan

**Captain, Japanese
Davis Cup team**



"Bill Tilden. He was the best in the world, the master of every stroke. There has been no one since who could match him at his peak.

We played in tournaments throughout the U.S. 28 years ago. He always beat me in singles, but I did beat him occasionally in doubles."

JEAN BONDURA, Paris, France

**Wimbledon champion,
1924 and 1926**



"France's Rene Lacoste. He won the American championship from the great Bill Tilden in 1927. The year before he beat me for the

American championship when I was the Wimbledon champion. In 1929 we went to five sets, the most exciting match ever seen in Europe, before he took the French title."

ALICE MARBLE, Los Angeles, Calif.

**American champion,
1936, '38, '39 and '40**



"Helen Jacobs—master competitor and psychologist. In the 1939 U.S. finals. I won the first set at love. She chased me from corner

to corner, winning the second 10-8, leading 3-1 in the final before I won because of my youth. A salute to Helen, the best sport and my toughest opponent."

HARRY HOPMAN, Melbourne, Australia

**Captain
Australian Davis Cup
team**



"My wife and I played together in the mixed doubles finals at Wimbledon in 1905 against Fred Perry and Dorothy Round, the great

players of the time. That I remember as the best and most interesting of all my matches. They beat us 2-1, with a very close and exciting third set."

JACK KRAMER, Los Angeles, Calif.

**American and
Wimbledon champion**



"Jaroslav Drobny at Wimbledon in 1946. It was a five-set match that took about three hours. One set went 17-15. I had blisters on

my hand and had to wear a golf glove. It did me a lot of good, even getting best. Drobny fled from behind the Iron Curtain and now plays out of Egypt."

BLACK NUB

BY



Distinctively styled for young men on their way up . . . Style-Mart sport coats in soft, luxurious Black Nub tweed are a fashion must for campus and business wardrobes. Style-Mart's superb tailoring and special B.M.O.C.-styling of exciting, new Black Nub tweed now offer varsity men and young business men exclusive fashion . . . in the smartest sport coat of the season.

For Big Men On Campus and Young Executives with an eye for smart style, variety, and top value in Fall wardrobes . . . it's "Mix and Match" by Style-Mart. For little more than the price of a suit alone . . . you have a distinctive suit, a fashionable sports outfit, and a pair of casual slacks with Style-Mart's popular "Mix and Match".



See your Style-Mart dealer or write:

Merit Clothing Company
Dept. 814
Mayfield, Kentucky

clothing with the *Personal Plus*



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

O'Malley's moving finger writes • Time-clock golf • Japan improves on poor butterfly • Medical annal in the Channel • Boxing's newest look-see • The down under view of tennis

A BOMB FALLS IN BROOKLYN

IN 1913, the year of its construction, Ebbets Field was a many-splendored ball park. Of course, being in Brooklyn, it couldn't be perfect—on opening day the baseball writers discovered someone had forgotten to build a press box, and the bleacher fans couldn't get in because someone else had neglected to bring a key to unlock the gates. But it was quite satisfactory.

Things change. In 1913 the Brooklyn Dodgers could make a good living even in a ball park of modest size. Mighty few fans had been tempted to take up golf or sunbathing or—for that matter—television. In 1913, furthermore, there was no such thing as suburbia and there were only 1,000,000 automobiles in the whole U.S. All of which pinpoints the current troubles of the Brooklyn Dodgers and President Walter F. O'Malley. With an outmoded ball park seating only 32,111 the Dodgers have to compete with a wide new universe of sports and recreations—and draw motorized suburbia to an Ebbets Field with no place to park.

There was dismay in Brooklyn when O'Malley first announced last week the Dodgers would play seven "home" games in 1956 in Jersey City. ("They can't do this to us," said a Brooklyn tugboat man named Bill Murray. "If Jersey wants a baseball team, let them get their own. The Dodgers belong in Brooklyn.") Two days later the faces of Flatbush fell even further when O'Malley spoke again: "After the 1957 season," he said, "we are selling Ebbets Field."

The smart businessman president of the Dodgers evidently wasn't fooling, and he told startled city officials exactly what he wanted: a wonderfully handy plot of good land in downtown Brooklyn where the Dodgers could, for \$6 million or so, construct a neat Twenty-first Century ball park seating over 50,000 and with lots of parking space. "We don't want the city to build us a stadium," he said. "All we want is help in acquiring the land at a reasonable price."

Borough President John Cashmore and New York's Mayor Robert Wagner, equally alarmed over losing the Dodgers, appeared ready to help—and Cashmore even had a plan: condemn

the proposed stadium area as a long-needed civic-betterment project. Then another interested group turned up: the New York Giants, whose lease on the Polo Grounds runs out in 1962. Said Owner Horace Stoneham: "If the city can help the Dodgers, it can certainly help us, too." Said Mayor Wagner: "We certainly want to help both teams in any way possible," and promised to bring the question before the city's Board of Estimate right away.

Actually the Giants' problem failed to match that of the Dodgers—they are perfectly welcome to move across the Harlem River at any time and sublet Yankee Stadium, one of the

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Swaps's handy victory in the American Derby sent his match race odds in the Caliente future book down to 3 to 5 (i.e., a return of only \$2 for every \$5 wagered), placed Nashua at 9 to 5. Caliente's opening line in late July listed Swaps at 7 to 10, Nashua 11 to 10.

Rookie Dick Donovan, one of American League's winningest pitchers when he was knocked out by an appendectomy July 31, returned to pitch his 14th victory for White Sox, give Chicago hopes a big boost in the pennant race.

Arnold Palmer, 1954 U.S. Amateur champion, coasted in with a final round of 70, after being 21 under par at three-quarter mark, to win his first professional tournament, the \$15,000 Canadian Open.

Otto Graham, long-time famed quarterback of Cleveland's football Browns who

retired last fall, went into a bent-heads session with Coach Paul Brown to talk about coming back for one more year. Cleveland's hope and expectation: Graham back in his old No. 14 after Labor Day.

The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, predicting a bumper crop of ducks and geese this fall, gave hunters along the Atlantic, Central and Mississippi flyways a bonus of 10 to 15 extra days of shooting for 1955, left the Pacific flyway with the same 80-day season as last year, still the most liberal in the country.

Wes Santee, dulled by lack of training and running in impossible 95° heat, failed for the umpteenth time in his bid to become the first American miler under four minutes; ran slow 4:11.1, still beat his old rival Fred Dwyer and Britain's highly-regarded Gordon Pirie in special invitational event at Toronto.

continued from page 2

finest parks in baseball, for the Yankees' out-of-town days. Of course, if the Dodgers are willing to move far enough, they have no problem either—in the first few days after his announcement O'Malley received dozens of telegrams and letters offering the Dodgers a home in such places as North Jersey, Long Island and assorted "western and southwestern cities." But O'Malley agreed with the tugboat



man, Bill Murray—the Dodgers belong in Brooklyn. How to keep them there was the problem; and it might remain an unsolved one right up to 1958.

GOLF, UNLIMITED

AT THE END of the first day of the Midwest Industrial Golf Tournament, Republic Steel was tied with General Electric Jet Engines at 282. This happened last Saturday at Canton, Ohio, where 456 golf-playing automobile workers, papermill employees, rubber-factory workers, glassmakers, tinsmiths, precision instrument technicians and foundry hands met in the biggest tournament in history and played superlative golf.

How good it was is suggested by some comparative figures. Canton's Tam O'Shanter is an old, conservative club at the edge of a fashionable residential section, with a par 70 for one 18-hole course known as The Hills, and a par 71 for the much tougher 18 known as The Dales. The record for each course is 64, and no pro has ever bettered it. None of the golfing workmen on hand last week bettered it either, but Robert Farber, a crane operator with Republic Steel at Massillon, Ohio and Harry Olson of the Argonne Laboratories of Chicago both had 68s.

Play started at 6:45 a.m., when William King of Ford's Dearborn plant teed off as the first man of the first foursome. King, a Negro, had finished fourth in the Dearborn elimination tourney (Ford playoffs involved 3,000 golfers and began last June), and was started first to avoid any possible question of race prejudice arising in the crowded, fast-moving tournament. Thereafter came teams of such industrial giants as Allis-Chalmers of Terre

Haute, Milwaukee and Norwood, Ohio; four more Ford Company teams; three from General Electric; two from Firestone; two from U.S. Steel; a Caterpillar Tractor team from Peoria; teams from Goodrich of Akron, Eaton Manufacturing of Cleveland, Frigidaire of Dayton, General Motors of Pontiac, Hercules Motors of Canton, Johnson Motors of Waukegan, Minneapolis-Honeywell, Procter & Gamble, Sinclair Refining, Studebaker-Packard, Timken Roller Bearing, National Lead and the Goodyear Atomic Corporation of Portsmouth, Ohio.

The presence of these top golfers from the 2,000,000-odd employees of the 88 corporations represented indicates how important factory teams have become in what press agents still bleakly refer to as industrial recreation programs.

The Midwest Industrial Golf Tournament started in 1946 with teams from 13 companies. Its opposite number in the East (there is none in the Far West) started in 1950, had 20 teams entered last year, and will have 35 teams playing next week in its finals at Sinking Spring near Reading, Pa. Golf is one of the major sporting activities encouraged by American companies, along with softball, bowling and basketball; and of the 30,000 companies that have recreation programs, more than 15,000 include golf. Eighty corporations have their own golf courses and one, International Business Machines, operates four country clubs for its employees.

If play of the quality shown last week at Canton continues, industrial golf may presently be taken seriously in sporting terms rather than as an adjunct to better management-employee relations. When the Midwest tournament ended in wind and rain Sunday

evening General Electric Jet Engines had a record low 567; Republic Steel of Massillon had a 579, and Harry Olson was medalist with 138 for 36 holes, only four strokes off the tournament record.

TOKKO IN TOKYO

THE JAPANESE swimmers who have been kicking spray in the faces of some of the members of Coach Bob Kipphut's touring American team are part of the greatest Japanese team since the 1932 Los Angeles Olympics, when Japan took five of six main events. So far as Yale's famed coach is concerned, they are the team to watch next year at Melbourne.

Kipphut has been especially impressed by Masaru Furukawa, the sensational breaststroke champion, and Jiro Nagasawa, who revolutionized butterfly swimming in Japan by introducing the dolphin kick. Nagasawa, in fact, will join Kipphut at Yale on a scholarship.

This year Furukawa changed his style, developing his submarine work to a point where he now takes the first 40 yards underwater, submerged about 16 inches.

"He has skill in surfacing so as not to lose momentum," Kipphut explained. "American and European breaststrokers have glided too long. Furukawa in surfacing eliminates the glide, substitutes it with a pull and immediately dives under again."

Kipphut and his boys studied Furukawa's technique for a while, then tried it out.

"Two days later," Kipphut said happily, "Bob Mattson [of North Carolina State] was able to knock off two seconds from his own time."

Humiliated by their defeat at the Helsinki Olympics, the Japanese have gone into an all-out effort aimed at wiping out the loss at Melbourne. Too all-out, according to some physical education experts, who complain that Japanese coaches are applying the *tokko* ("special attack") spirit to their training. Tokko was instilled into Japanese suicide pilots during the war. The Spartan training, according to these experts, has shortened the peak competition span of Japanese swimmers by two or three years as compared with Americans.

The Americans still outclass the Japanese in several aspects of swimming, particularly the turn and the final touch. The Americans thereby have been doing fine in the sprints, relays and backstroke.



OVER THE FENCE

*Over the fence, and out of the lot!
I'm just a slapping varmint!
Too bad the house run does not count
Quite so much in tennis.*

—E. J. RITTER JR.

DOCTORS' DILEMMA

AT THE MOMENT Gertrude Ederle waded ashore at Kingsdown—and scarcely a clam is still alive who slipped the waters on that glorious day—a certain understandable atmosphere of anticlimax fell upon the business of swimming the English Channel. It has eried out ever since for added zing, or what is known in the more shadowed corners of Wall Street as the old Russian injection. Few men have been more adept with the needle than William Edmund (Bully) Butlin, who started his career with a pig-and-ring game in an English carnival, and now reigns as the "Holiday Camp" king of Britain; for the last three years Billy has



sponsored "mass cross-channel races" in which whole schools of grease-freighted swimmers have thrashed across from France to England.

This year the mass swim not only boasted contestants, male and female, from 13 separate and distinct countries, but the brooding mind of science as well. Three weeks before the big race, a team of 12 medical men (representing Cambridge University, London's St. Thomas Hospital, the British Ministry of Health and the U.S. Office of Naval Research) descended upon training quarters. What, they wanted to know, were the physiological differences which allowed channel swimmers to stay in the water for as long as 20 hours, while ordinary mortals could hardly face a cold shower?

Day after day, the swimmers—who seemed delighted at the attention—were poked, prodded, punctured for blood samples, weighed underwater and pinched from head to toe by ingenious calipers designed to measure their fat. The race itself began amidst scenes reminiscent of a military invasion. While crowds rubbernecked from shore, an armada of coaching rowboats and motor vessels—one of each for 17 swimmers, plus an official boat, a boat for "very important people" and an Admiralty launch full of doctors—gathered at dawn off Cap Gris Nez. Marine signalers were scattered through the fleet to flash the alarm as soon as a swimmer gave up; and the medical men stood by to make their final examinations at sea.

They had their first work less than two hours after Billy Butlin fired a

Very pistol to start the race, 25-year-old Margaret Sweeney of New Zealand began falling asleep while swimming. Her trainer, one Frank Hay, bawled in tones of bewilderment and outrage: "Wake up, Margaret! Swim closer to the boat, Margaret. Hey Maggie... wakey wakey!" But Maggie absolutely refused to wakey wakey, quit swimming altogether and had to be yanked out like a "huge fish." Two medical men were aboard in a jiffy, and wondered if she might be suffering from hypoglycemia (shortage of sugar). But they also had to consider a more prosaic fact: Maggie took two sleeping tablets to get some rest before the race.

Other swimmers gave up regularly after that, but for undramatic reasons. Some got seasick; but most just got tired, saw they had no chance to win and saw no point in going on. There were no collapses from cold; the sea, medically speaking, was disappointingly warm—a mere 65 degrees. The race (and a \$2,950 silver cup) was won by an Egyptian named Abdel Latif Abu Heif; English-born Thomas Laurie Parks (billed as an American since he has taken out naturalization papers) was second; an Argentinian, Syder Guiscardo, was third, and a Mexican named Damian Piza Beltran, the only other swimmer to finish, was fourth.

All four were duly examined as soon as they walked ashore; Parks was the most notable subject—for a few minutes his caroties refused to bleed when punctured ("congestion," said the doctors). But though the scientists went away with a "mass of data," there seemed to be only one real difference between channel swimmers and other

blokes—the channel swimmers were fatter (their bodies contained up to 33% fat as compared with only 12-15% for average humanity), as might have been concluded by looking at a photograph of almost any one of them.

NORRIS IS FEG UP

INVESTIGATORS of hoodlum control in boxing have no trouble proving to their own satisfaction that, as Governor George M. Leader of Pennsylvania told the National Boxing Association convention, the sport is controlled by a "sinister hierarchy." Fight managers tell, off the record, how Frankie Carbo arranges lucrative TV bouts for those fighters and managers who are willing to "listen." ("If you tell Frankie you'll listen, he'll get you fights.") Boxers tell, off the record, of Carbo's power. ("But if you print a word of this, I'll deny it.")

George A. Barton, aging former president of NBA, a sportswriter and official and long-time friend of boxing, told at the convention how his own investigation had smashed against a wall of fear when he asked for affidavits to the tales of chicanery he was told. ("Not me. I don't want to get knocked off.")

Governor Leader, who changed the face of boxing in his own state by banning it until the state legislature adopted a new, stringent code, asked that the states represented by NBA adopt a uniform "model code" for the sport's regulation. He was convinced, he said, that "television, more than any other single factor, has made possible the present very obvious cen-

continued on next page



"Jinx plays best under pressure."

tralization of power in the boxing business in the United States.

"If money power—and that is the real power—in boxing has been centered in cartels whose business is interstate, then governmental power must be organized to meet the situation," he said. "Some day that governmental power may be federal, but today it is altogether the responsibility of the states."

The NBA decided that Congress ought to investigate boxing, and Senator Charles E. Potter of Michigan (the convention was in Detroit) said he would see what he could do to bring it about. In Washington, he relayed the NBA request to Chairman Warren G. Magnuson of the Senate Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee. Magnuson's office indicated he would talk it over with other members of the committee.

The response of James D. Norris, president of the International Boxing Club, to all this was one of disgust. He was, he said, "getting fed up with all these investigations."

MUSINGS ON MENZIES

PRIME MINISTER Robert G. Menzies notes on page 28 that the game of tennis may be said to span the lifetime of one man, the magnificent Sir Norman Brookes. Brookes is 78 years old and tennis is 82 years old. Our national championships are but 74.

In this brief period tennis has surmounted extraordinary handicaps. The Prime Minister mentions one in passing—its origins as a "polite garden party accomplishment"—but there were others. For instance, the British major who invented tennis insisted that it be called *Spärisstrik*, which is Greek for something along the lines of "Play ball!" The major was outraged when the name didn't catch on. Folks just called it tennis on-the-lawn because they noted its close relationship to the ancient game of court tennis. The relationship was denied by the major, who wanted to patent and exploit the game. He didn't get very far.

A further early handicap, especially in the United States, was that anyone walking along a street in white flannels swinging a tennis racket was likely to get whistled at by the vulgar. The vulgar could not stomach that word "love." But hold, brave men—very likely the ancestors of those who now wear Bermuda shorts to business—

brazened it out, and when the golden 20s roared in like a latter-day hurricane and the Tildens, the Johnstons, Borotras, Lacostes and Cochetts took to whaling away at each other, no one any longer thought of tennis as that game in which men pat a ball back and forth over the net. Borotra, incidentally, still plays in European tournaments and wins one now and then.

Tennis had one other big handicap. It was played on grass, which is expensive to establish and maintain as a playing surface. Clay and asphalt and concrete solved that. There is mighty little grass left now, except in the East. The number of clubs which provide grass courts has dwindled, a hardship to American players preparing for international tournaments, the most important of which are played on grass. Lawn tennis has all but ceased to be a fitting name for the game.

The "new" amateurism of which Mr. Menzies writes, the necessarily quasi-professional status of top players who cannot afford to do other than live on expense accounts if they are to give most of their time to tennis, is a more recent handicap. Cynicism and skepticism entered the game with the expense account, a situation summed up in the expression "tennis hum" (see CONVERSATION PIECE, page 31). It is not nearly so healthy a situation as

outright amateurism used to be or outright professionalism would be.

The Australians solved that. An Australian amateur may work for a sporting-goods company and enjoy generous leaves of absence.

The chances are that, despite current objections of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, Mr. Menzies' prediction of "open" tournaments in which amateurs and professionals would compete in harmonious conflict, may yet come to pass. It has not worked out so badly in golf, a game which enjoys prestige in many acceptable areas. Then those tennis players who could afford to remain amateurs might do so and, with international competition on an "open" basis, the possibility of international squabbles over standards would be remote. Open professionalism, openly arrived at, might be a goal for tennis in its next evolutionary phase.

AMOUR TOUJOURS IN LEFT

A RECENTLY converted Dodger fan from Connecticut reports having trouble remembering the names of all the Brooklyn players, but the one who gives her the most memory trouble is the left fielder. "That one who sounds like love on the beach," she says. "You know—Sandy Amoros."

SPECTACLE

GRASSY BATTLEFIELD

The West Side Tennis Club of Forest Hills, N.Y. is America's answer to Wimbledon. Court history will unroll there this week

The green acres of the West Side Tennis Club's carefully cultivated grass courts—some of which are shown on the opposite and following pages—will play host for the next few weeks to the world's finest amateur players. For some young men and women heralded for stardom a year or two hence, this season's trip to Forest Hills will be confined to early-round matches on the outer courts (right). It is a long and difficult step from there to the massive 13,500-seat concrete stadium in the background, where this weekend the tennis heroes of 1954—the U.S. Davis Cup team—defend their treasured piece of silverware against an unpredictable but ever-dangerous team from Australia. Following the Davis Cup, these same well-worn Forest Hills courts will be the scene of the 74th United States Lawn Tennis Association singles championships. A Davis Cup preview with an evaluation by U.S. Captain William T. Herbert, a look back and ahead by the Prime Minister of Australia and a CONVERSATION PIECE: *Subject: Tony Trabert* begin on page 17.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOPER





Drenched in afternoon sun against a backdrop reminiscent of England's historic Wimbledon, the clubhouse at Forest Hills surveys



12 impeccably manicured acres where West Side Tennis Club members play on more than 20 grass and 32 composition courts



THE CUP WILL STAY HERE

by **WILLIAM F. TALBERT**

So says the U.S. team captain in analyzing the players and their chances in the Davis Cup Challenge Round. But he concedes that both sides have problems, and that it will be a tense struggle

WHEN THE STARS of Australia's and America's Davis Cup teams step out this weekend onto the classic center courts of Forest Hills pictured at left, a tennis rivalry which has alternately flared and smoldered for nearly half a century will explode again. It was 1908 when a slender, left-handed flash named Norman Brookes started it by leading Australasia to a 3-2 Challenge Round triumph at Melbourne. It was no less fierce last December when, after four consecutive defeats, our team won the Cup back from down under. Australia and America have met in 19 of the 43 Challenge Rounds played, with the U.S. victor in 10 of these and loser in nine. This, then, is the match when Harry Hopman's boys could even up the score.

As matters now stand, it appears there will be little change in the lineups used in the last two years. I feel sure that Hopman once more will send Ken Rosewall and Lew Hoad into the singles, though he will team Hoad with Rex Hartwig in the doubles. Our side is virtually compelled to go again with Tony Trabert and Vic Seixas, who came through so magnificently eight months ago.

Both captains have problems. Hopman's biggest one is Hoad, the man whose rocketlike game has been the backbone of the Australian team for the last two years. Hoad has been ill, underweight and apparently depressed. He is inclined to moodiness. Unless he snaps back into top form, physically and psychologically, Australia's hopes seem dim. Rex Hartwig, though capable of brilliant flashes, cannot be depended on to fill Hoad's spot in the singles.

We have similar worries with Vic Seixas. Now 31 and inclined to sporadic slumps, he has failed this year to show the razor-edge form which characterized his sweep to the 1954 National Singles crown and his Davis Cup showing to Australia. But Seixas is capable of hitting an invincible streak at the bounce of a drop shot. Until he hits the first ball, no one can say how good he will be.

THESE CLASSIC GROUNDS of the center courts at Forest Hills will be the scene of this year's Challenge Round.

We have no worries with Trabert. His recent shoulder ailment turned out to be a blessing in disguise; it gave him a much-needed rest. The winner of 16 of 18 tournaments, including his clean sweep at Wimbledon, Tony is our prime hope, the world's best amateur who is supremely confident and ready. He stands to win both his singles and should give us a better than even chance in the doubles.

Other things, more subtle perhaps, make this year's Challenge Round an exciting affair. This year, we hold the Cup and it is Australia's job to wrest it from us. We are under added pressure; the incentive, our big ally in 1954, has gone over to the enemy camp. From the proud Captain Hopman on down, the Aussies have set their jaws. It's an important psychological factor.

On the other hand, we are playing at home. We can expect the crowds to be with us—a vital inspirational point.

In one respect, the doubles, the Australians will be tougher for us than in the previous years I have served as American captain. Since Trabert and Seixas proved themselves such a superior pair, Hopman has done some experimenting and has come up with a greatly improved doubles team.

Hartwig, who has a strong service and returns service exceptionally well, has been substituted for Rosewall, who for all his remarkable backcourt tactics lacks that booming serve. Since they were permanently teamed after last year's Challenge Round, Hoad and Hartwig haven't lost a match.

The national doubles tournament at Brookline, Mass. was expected to provide a preliminary test of American and Australian doubles strength. But Hopman, apparently not wishing to show his hand, held out Hoad and Rosewall, entering only the makeshift team of Hartwig and Neale Fraser. Then that unpredictable wind named Diane drowned out the tournament's early schedule and forced withdrawal of both the American and Australian Davis Cup players. Thus we will go into the doubles without really knowing Australia's strength. That adds interest if any more is needed. The staid old West Side Club will really be jumping.

(END)



DAVIS CUP FACTS

Defending champion: United States
Challenge Round: Starting field of 34 nations: 24 in European zone, 7 in American zone, 3 in Eastern zone
Challenge Round: Australia vs. U.S., West Side Tennis Club courts, Forest Hills, N.Y., Aug. 26-28
Type of tournament: Four singles, one doubles match. Best three out of five matches wins
Former winners: U.S.—17 years
 Australia—11 years
 Great Britain—9 years
 France—6 years

**SWAPS WINS
THE AMERICAN DERBY**



**NASHUA WORKS OUT
AT SARATOGA**



... AND NOW THE MATCH RACE

Swaps, the golden horse from the Golden West, handily won the American Derby on Saturday and Owner Rex Ellsworth exulted: "One of these days we'll have to turn him loose." His chance and challenge come next week in the big race with Nashua.

by **DON CONNERY**
and **WHITNEY TOWER**

THE STRAPPING golden chestnut took the lead a few strides from the starting gate and simply kept on running. The first time past the stands he took a two-length lead into the clubhouse turn. Up the backstretch Summer Solstice made a run at him, then fell back. Parador made a run at him, and likewise fell back. Down at the eighth pole Traffic Judge made his run. It was a good one but up in front of him, aboard the chestnut, Jockey Willie Shoemaker, who had yet to use his whip, merely clucked a couple of times, waved the stick gently by the side of his mount's head and crossed the finish line winner by a comfortable length.

That was the way Swaps won the American Derby and \$89,600 at Chicago's Washington Park last Saturday. After it was over and the time had been posted (1:54 3/5 for a mile and three-sixteenths over the grass course), everybody had something to say. Perhaps the most aptly correct statement came from a spectator near the winner's circle who, as Swaps was led in to face the usual bombardment from the cameras, turned and said with considerable amusement, "That horse ain't a horse! That's a machine!"

Shoemaker hopped off to pose with the cup and said, "We were a little tired at the end, but I still had a lot of horse left under me at the finish." As they prepared to leave the circle, Owner Rex Ellsworth, out of his familiar California bluejeans and looking uncomfortable in a gray, single-breasted suit, made the day's most exultant remark: "He runs so easy, one of these days we'll have to turn him loose."

His remark needed no clarification for any of the 25,178 fans on hand at Washington Park last Saturday. Nor for the millions who saw the race on

television. Nor, in fact, for any race-minded American who has ever heard of this golden horse from the Golden West. The time and place that Ellsworth had in mind when he spoke of turning Swaps loose is the same track one day next week, Wednesday, Aug. 31. The occasion: the \$100,000 winner-take-all meeting with Nashua in the most engrossing match race of a generation and, in the fair expectation of the world, one of the best races in history.

The build-up to the race has all the ingredients which instinctively appeal to the U.S.—an East-West rivalry, for

one thing; a duel between a self-made owner-trainer combination (Ellsworth and Trainer Meshach Tenney) and a wealthy Eastern sportsman (William Woodward Jr.) who inherited a renowned racing stable, which in its first year under his direction produced the 3-year-old champion, Nashua.

NASHUA ON THE WAY

While Swaps last week was adding Chicago boosters to the millions of Californians who already believe him to be a second (if not greater) Man o' War, Nashua was still making

continued on next page

EAST (WOODWARD) MEETS WEST (ELLSWORTH)



MATCH RACE

continued from page 19

his match-race preparations at Saratoga under the watchful eye of Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons and under the skillful reiningmanship of his regular jockey, Eddie Arcaro. The big bay was due in Chicago on Aug. 26, aboard a private car attached to the New York Central's *Poorwater*.

But for all the attention Nashua is getting in the East, the role of solid favorite unerringly belongs to the California wonder horse. Swaps has done everything asked of him with incredible ease: he has, without ever being pushed, broken or equalled two American or track records while winning eight races in 1955—from six furlongs to his mile-and-a-quarter Kentucky Derby in which he dealt Nashua his only defeat of 1955. Swaps has won on the hard, fast tracks of California, won on the grass in his only try at it, won by coming from behind after some heady early rating by Shoemaker, won by taking the lead and holding it. He has won over older horses in world-record time and, from a California

standpoint most important of all, has already trimmed Nashua in the Kentucky Derby. The next question Swaps must now answer is: can he beat Nashua again? If so, he is assured of the 13-month honor, Horse of the Year—and perhaps salutes greater and more lasting. It will all be settled in a few days now.

At Washington Park this week, as he goes back into training on the more familiar dirt footing of the main track, Swaps is hardly the object of pampering. "There's no way to tell a horse that he's got a big race to run," says Tenney. "The only thing you can do is to get him fit and give him lots of experience. Teach him to run straight and true and not to make any mistakes. He has his hay and grain and a good bed to sleep on. The same as with humans, anything else you give him may be detrimental."

The only concession to Swaps's comfort is an air-cooling machine in his stall—a convenience which Nashua likewise enjoys at Saratoga. His training schedule is varied, as Tenney prefers a casual approach which leaves him uncertain from day to day just what he'll require of the colt. Unlike

Nashua, Swaps is fed only twice a day, each meal consisting of seven quarts of grain. One mixture has one third alfalfa and two thirds timothy hay, with a little molasses sprayed on. "It is chopped," says Tenney, "because you can save one third. Otherwise a horse will waste one bale of hay out of every three." The other mixture has oats, bran, kelp from the coast of Norway, de-worming powder and more molasses. His water is regular Chicago water because, adds Tenney, "he doesn't need special water any more than I do."

A KENTUCKY FLAVOR

Meanwhile in Chicago this week the excitement was rapidly taking on a Kentucky Derby flavor. Ticket requests started flooding in weeks ago and are still coming. "It looks like every General Motors executive in the U.S. is coming," said a happy aide of Director Ben Landheimer. The track was also busy building an auxiliary press box. The existing one holds 40; Washington Park expected to need space for 100.

No race in years has churned up such universal interest. Everyone is



WASHINGTON PARK BOASTS FINE, FAST MILE-AND-AN-EIGHTH TRACK, ALSO THE LONGEST HOMESTRETCH (3,315 FEET) OF ANY U.S. COURSE

picking sides. And everyone usually has a verbalized reason. Suppose Nashua tries to break ahead of Swaps? What if both Shoemaker and Arcaro rate their horses miserably slow? If Swaps goes to the front, can Nashua stay with him? If they enter the stretch head-and-head...?

Opinions are everywhere you care to look. A double-barreled one came from Bill Winfrey, trainer of the great Native Dancer: "The strategy seems obvious to me. Swaps is a real speed horse. I think he'll set a pace so fast that Nashua won't be able to stay with him. Maybe, though, we'll all be surprised. Maybe Nashua has never shown what he really can do." From Ted Atkinson, who subbed for Arcaro to win the Wood Memorial aboard Nashua: "If Eddie bounces Nashua out of the gate it's going to be a horse race. Nashua has never demonstrated his potential early speed. . . ." Jockey Eric Guerin, who trailed both Swaps and Nashua in the Kentucky Derby aboard Summer Tan: "I don't think Nashua can win any which way no matter what he does. Swaps is one of the freest running horses I ever saw."

Willie Shoemaker, the silent fellow



THE MATCH RACE

Time and Place: Chicago's Washington Park on Wednesday, August 31 at 5:17 p.m., CBS radio and TV air time 5:00 p.m., C.D.T.

The Plastic Rex Ellsworth's 3-year-old chestnut colt Swaps (Kentucky Derby winner), trained by Menachem Tenney, Willie Shoemaker up. **William Woodward's 3-year-old bay colt Nashua** (the Freakness and Belmont winner), trained by Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, Eddie Arcaro up.

Cashbush: A mile and a quarter at level weights (126 pounds) for purse of \$100,000, winner-take-all, a gold cup and virtually decisive claim to the title of "Horse of the Year."

who will actually ride Swaps, looked up last week and made, for him, a long and sagacious assessment. "If Swaps is right, he'll be tough to beat. I reckon he does everything pretty good—either set the pace or come from behind. But these horses aren't going to be very far apart. A lot of folks in California who have only seen Swaps don't give Nashua credit for being much of a horse. But I know Nashua is good. I respect him plenty. He could give us a lot of trouble."

Today Eddie Arcaro, the best in America, is a wise man too. He says: "I don't mind who sets the pace, but if they seem to think Swaps will. Well, if he does, I'm going to try and go with him. But, remember, I'm not driving my Cadillac. I just hope I can stay with him."

This week, as Swaps went into his last stretch of serious training, and as Trainer Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons prepared to ship Nashua to Chicago, Mr. Fitz had a few words of octogenarian advice for all concerned: "When they get all through talking about strategy and tactics and the rest of it, it will be up to these two horses to do the running. My horse is ready to run." **END**

PERFORMANCE CHART OF THE RIVALS

RACE	TRACK	DATE	DISTANCE	WEIGHT	TIME	MARGIN
SWAPS IN 1955						
San Vicente	Santa Anita	Jan 19	7/8 mile	116 lbs	1.24	***
Santa Anita Derby	Santa Anita	Feb 19	1 1/8	116	1.50	*
Allowance	Churchill D.	Apr 30	3/4	123	1:10 4/5	*****
Kentucky Derby	Churchill D.	May 7	1 1/4	126	2:01 4/5	**
Will Rogers H.	Hollywood	May 30	1	126	1.25	*****
Californian	Hollywood	June 11	1 1/16	115	1:40 2/5	**
Westerner	Hollywood	July 9	1 1/4	126	2:03 3/5	*****
American Derby	Washington	Aug 20	1 3/16	124	1:54 3/5	*
NASHUA IN 1955						
Allowance	Hialeah	Feb 21	1 1/16	126	1:44 1/5	**
Flamingo	Hialeah	Feb 26	1 1/8	122	1:43 3/5	**
Florida Derby	Gulfstream	Mar 26	1 1/8	122	1:53 1/5	†
Wood Memorial	Jamaica	Apr 23	1 1/8	125	1:50 3/5	†
Kentucky Derby	Churchill D.	May 7	1 1/4	126	2:01 4/5	**
Freakness	Pimlico	May 28	1 3/16	126	1:54 3/5	*
Belmont	Belmont	June 11	1 1/2	126	2.29	*****
Dwyer	Aqueduct	July 2	1 1/4	126	2:03 4/5	*****
Arlington Classic	Arlington	July 16	1	126	1:35 1/5	*

THE WONDERFUL
WORLD OF SPORT

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY

No matter whether youngsters or their elders are in the sporting limelight, other members of the American family traditionally rally round to lend encouragement, celebrate moments of victory or help console in times of defeat



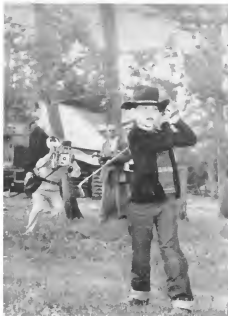
PRESIDENTIAL BODY ENGLISH and look of surprise greet iron shot by 7-year-old David Eisenhower at Byers Peak



GOLF CHAMPION Julius Boros, winner of Tam O'Shanter tournament, embraces wife Arlene and 3-year-old son Jay.



SOAP BOX SPEEDSTER Richard Rohrer, 14, of Rochester, N.Y. gets kiss from mother after derby victory in Akron, Ohio.



Ranch near Fraser, Colo., where President was vacationing. If Duval's grandfather sees room for further improvement he doesn't show it.



BEACH GYMNASTICS on Catalina Island feature B. F. Geier, insurance salesman, and 4-year-old daughter Cindy.



FATHERLY ADVICE by Old Man Laurin Moore of Bakersfield, Calif., to daughter Sally, 15, failed her in tennis match in Chicago.



DIVING CHAMPION Juno Irwin of Pasadena, Calif., clutches son Mike, daughter Maureen, after winning title.

WONDERFUL WORLD continued



BRIGGS CUNNINGHAM, old hand at sailing who now competes only in the Atlantic championship, won his third chum title in four years.



JOHN HERSEY, Pulitzer Prize-winning novelist (*A Bell for Adano*) and fine weekend sailor, finished third

ATLANTICS AWEIGH!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MORRIS ROSENFIELD

CUNNINGHAM (AT TILLER) PEERS AT BELLOWING SPINNAKER ABOARD HIS "SPINDREFT." HIS MARGIN OF VICTORY IN SERIES WAS A SINGLE POINT





in the series. He poses at right with his crew: (from left) son Martin, 18, Mrs. Hersey and Mrs. Jean Anderson.



HOYT PERRY JR. (right), 33-year-old New York banker, finished close second with a crew of Peter Duple, Mrs. William Rudkin and Mrs. Perry.

The 1955 championship series of the Atlantic class on Long Island Sound brought victory to Auto Racer Briggs Cunningham, long a topflight sailor; second, a banker; third, another well-known citizen, Novelist John Hersey

HERSEY'S "RUMOUR" IS FIRST ATLANTIC BUILT WITH ALL-FIBERGLAS HULL

PERRY'S "CAROLINA" LOST BID FOR TITLE IN THE FINAL RACE



WONDERFUL WORLD *continued*





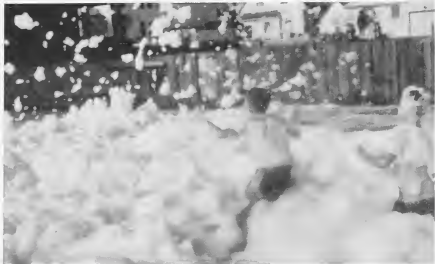
VENTNOR YOUNGSTERS WALLOW IN SUCH, KNEE-DEEP FROTH WHICH, UNLIKE EVERYDAY OCEAN FOAM, WILL NOT EVAPORATE FOR SEVERAL HOURS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COLIN FRENCH

HURRICANE SNOW IN JERSEY

Violently churning storm waters, driven by high winds and trapped between offshore bulkheads and the beaches at Ventnor, N.J. produce a creamy, snowlike froth to the delight of children living along Diane's gentler fringes

IN SCENE REMINISCENT OF WINTER, TWO ADVENTUROUS CHILDREN PLUNGE INTO WIND-WHIPPED PILES OF FINE-TEXTURED HURRICANE SNOW



THE GREAT GAME OF TENNIS

The Prime Minister of Australia, in a mood both reminiscent and prophetic, talks about his country's national love and its lessons in sportsmanship

by ROBERT GORDON MENZIES

LAWN TENNIS, as games go, is a new game. It was not so many years ago that it was a polite garden-party accomplishment. I can, myself, remember the jeering remarks of the "working" youth as white-flannelled players went by. Yet today, on thousands of public and municipal courts, no other than the "working" youth is hard at it. The game of the privileged few, in less than half a century, has become the game of the many. This reflects in part a marked rise in the standards of living, but it also shows the vast attraction of the game.

A few nights ago I was astonished to hear Sir Norman Brookes, in a reminiscent mood, recall that when he first played as a boy the tennis ball had no cover as we know it today. We can say, therefore, that the development of today's game, and the implements used in it, spans the lifetime of one man.

LONG SKIRTS AND UNDERARM

I am a much younger man than Norman Brookes, having been born in 1894. Yet I can remember, as if it were yesterday, how some ruling woman champions served underarm, wearing skirts down to the ground, playing a steady baseline game, never venturing to the net. The first woman to go up to volley and to smash was regarded as a miracle or a monstrosity, according to the point of view.

In Australia the popularity of tennis is enormous. It is actively played by hundreds of thousands of people, and (such are our fortunate conditions) from one year's end to another. Australia's eminence in the game surprises many people. "How does it happen," they say, "that a country which has only just reached a population of 9,000,000 can so consistently have produced teams which, over a long period of years, have been outmatched in success only by the United States?"

The answer is simple enough. Australia, for tennis purposes, is one large California. The varying climates of the six states have this in common: They favor outdoor sport and outdoor

living. Material standards of life are high; leisure is abundant. Good food and fresh air are the common lot. Most dwelling houses stand in their own grounds and gardens. For all these reasons, our inbred love of sport finds opportunity and expression. Even the most hardened theoretical socialist finds in games a satisfaction for his natural zest for private enterprise and individual initiative. I know that people have been heard to say reproachfully that Australians are too fond of sport. If this meant that we were a nation of mere onlookers at professional sporting spectacles, the criticism would be powerful. But the truth is that we are a nation of games-players who look at others only on occasions. There are, in Australia, 250,000 registered competitive players, plus at least 500,000 who play nonofficial tennis in a purely private way. Behind all the traditional informality and indiscipline with which we are credited, you will find the fitness, the resourcefulness and the competitive spirit which have made the Australian soldier world famous in war and which, in peace, have wrought a national development and construction which have earned the praise of so many perceptive visitors.



SIR NORMAN BROOKES, pioneer of modern game, was pre-World War I master.

Thus it is that tennis has taken its place among the great popular games in Australia and has become one of the influences which form the national characteristics.

Yet one of the fascinating things to witness is how the popularity of a game can affect the game itself, and the position of its leading players. When a game becomes so popular as a spectacle for thousands or scores of thousands, the game becomes big business. To the public or private provision of thousands of tennis courts there is added (I emphasize added, because the active playing of the game continues to expand) the large-scale and costly provision of spectator accommodations, the intensive organization of competitions, the handling of interstate and international tours.

All this has meant an inevitable change in the activities and nature of the leading amateur players. The old amateurism has been replaced by the new, and we have seen the rise of professional play.

There were great advantages in the old amateur days. I will not dwell on them too long, for there is no more weakening emotion than yearning for the "good old days." The times change and we must change with them. But I will briefly state what I believe those advantages to have been and will then examine more closely what I believe to be the reasons why the old amateurism at the top level has passed away.

As a lad, just good enough at the game to know what it was about and how strokes ought to be played, I first saw Norman Brookes, Rod Heath and A. W. Dunlop; some years later there was my friend Gerald Patterson. Let me assume them to be examples of what I call the "old" amateurism.

Each was a distinct individual, with unforgettable characteristics of style and play. Heath had beautifully controlled ground strokes. Dunlop was a born doubles player, with a fine sense of position. Gerald Patterson had a villainous backhand drive, but could rely on the most violent service I have

ever seen. Nowadays, when so many first-rate players seem cast in the same mold, when intense coaching has created so much standardization, I frequently find it difficult to remember other than facial differences between the playing characteristics of half a dozen of the greatest players.

Put this down to my ignorance or lack of perception if you like. But is it mere perversity on my part to say that Brookes lives in my mind's eye because of his nonconformity? He was one of the first to adopt and modify the then new "American" service. In his use of it speed was secondary; placement was of the essence. It was as deep as the service line would allow. Its direction was such that the receiver always had to move quite a lot, to forehand or backhand, to play it. As soon as he served, Brookes moved in. Such was his control of service direction and length that he limited the scope of the return, and even appeared by some magic to control its actual direction. In spite of this, powerful opponents would seek to check him by driving to his feet as he advanced to the normally fatal midcourt half-volleying position. They soon discovered that to Brookes the half-volley was a weapon of attack, not of defense. Time after time I have seen him sweeping half-volleys first to one deep corner, then to the other, with his opponent sweating up and down in vain.

A DIGNIFIED DEMON

What a player! His long trousers perfectly pressed, on his head a peaked tweed or cloth cap, on his face the inscrutable expression of a pale-faced Red Indian, no sign of sweat or bother, no temperamental outbursts, no word to say except an occasional "well played." A slim and not very robust man, he combined an almost diabolical skill with a personal reserve, a dignity (yes, dignity) and a calm maturity of mind and judgment. I have sometimes suspected that a modern coach, given control, would have hammered out of him all the astonishing elements that made him in his day (and his day lasted for many years) the greatest player in the world.

Brookes was an "old" amateur. He had means adequate to enable him to indulge his hobby. He was not overplayed. There were few Davis Cup contests. Each match could be approached with a fresh mind and spirit.

But time has moved on. Big tennis has, as I have said, become big business. The cost of putting on good



ROBERT GORDON MENZIES, an old tennis buff himself, wrote this article at SI's request, as a contribution to the game he loves and "an adventure in the field of journalism."

matches, with special stands and expensive organization and vast crowds of spectators have all involved today's player in almost continuous play, in tournament or exhibition games. Under the modern circumstances of high taxation, few people can afford such "leisure." The "old" amateur has, in Australia at any rate, practically disappeared from the top ranks. And so we have entered a period when some promising boy of 14 or 15, his education hardly begun, is picked out for coaching and development and joins the staff of some sporting-goods firm. Brookes played his first Davis Cup in 1905, at the age of 28; his last in 1920, at the age of 43 when, in the Challenge Round, he took both W. T. Tilden and W. M. Johnston to four sets; one of the most remarkable feats in lawn tennis history. Today a player is described as a "veteran" by his middle 20s.

There are those who will tell you that the "old" amateurs played when the game was "slower," and "softer," and that they could never have lived with the modern champions, with their "big" services and "ferocious" overheads and "devastating" ground strokes. (You notice that I am a student of sporting journalism.) I do not deny the modern players, whose skill I admire, and who have given hundreds of thousands of us pleasure, when I say that both Tilden and Johnston, at their peak, could have beaten any 1955 amateur at his peak; and they were at their peak when Brookes played them.

But the "new" amateurism—the semiprofessionalism of the great sporting-goods firms (which, we must concede, have done much to develop the game) is here to stay, unless, indeed, it is replaced by complete professionalism

continued on next page

or (as I think not improbably) international tennis becomes "open" to both amateur and professional, like golf or croquet. The alternative may well be that the professional promoters will come to regard the Davis Cup as a training ground for quite young amateur champions, to be recruited to the professional ranks later.

Whether we like it or not, the cost of maintaining modern international sporting teams and providing facilities for large armies of spectators to see them play inevitably tends to create a "business" atmosphere. There is another aspect of the matter. The modern proliferation of sporting journals and the expansion of the sporting pages of ordinary newspapers have led the talented, but young and mentally and emotionally immature champions into the glaring light of publicity—extravagant praise and biting criticism being more common than expert and moderate judgment. Too many are coming to regard the player as the bondslave of the public; we say that he has "obligations." If his form leaves him he is rejected and forgotten. If, at the height of his form, he abandons competitive sport in favor of a business or private career in some profession, he is not infrequently accused of "letting the public down." There are many youngish men living in some unskilled occupation today who are simply the victims of these processes. It is not to be wondered at that talented young amateurs increasingly gaze at the professional recruiter with an expectant eye.

I hope I will not be thought discourteous, if, writing for a distinguished sporting journal, I say more about the impact of a good deal of modern sporting journalism upon the lives and minds of young and talented players.

As every man engaged in public affairs knows, it takes a great deal of strength of mind and balance and experience to ignore ignorant criticism and to select and be influenced by informed and just criticism. Boys of 20, playing some game under the eyes of the entire world, under strain, would be phenomenal if they knew how to deal with the mental problems of ignoring or evaluating criticism. If some become swollen headed, as a result of extravagant praise, and others sullen or moody under extravagant blame, it is not to be wondered at. I have sometimes advised young champions at tennis or cricket to give up reading the criticisms until their current series of matches is

over. This is on the very sound principle that, though real experts always write understandingly, the pungent criticisms of players by those who do not and never have studied the game cannot possess much value.

There is, for those of us who love these games, nothing more pleasant than a vivid account of some match in the press or over the air. Both the ear and the imagination are stimulated. But the occasional extravagant commentator who thinks his opinions are more important than the story of the game is a constant irritant. Nor do I, for one, want to read lurid stories (usually quite fictitious) about alleged personal quarrels among players. It may be thought to be proof of advancing years if I say also that I still prefer a lively report of a Davis Cup match I cannot attend to a series of glossy paragraphs about the love life or matrimonial intentions of the players—but I do.

What is the effect of the Davis Cup or other contests on international relations? The accepted answer is "good." It appears to be widely believed that the spectacle of two or four young athletes fighting out a Davis Cup tie, or a Wimbledon or Forest Hills final, is in its very nature a contribution to international understanding and good will.

PLAYERS, CRITICS, SPECTATORS

This is, I think, substantially true; but it is not inevitably true. The truth is that it depends for the most part on the players, partly on the sporting critics, and of course partly on the spectators. A skillful but ill-tempered and uncontrolled player, glaring at umpires and spectators alike, can in an hour do his own country's reputation for sportsmanship immeasurable harm. You know how fond we all are of generalizing from single instances. An American slams his racket into the ground and makes rude noises at a linesman. "Ah," says a non-American spectator—"These Americans! Always want to have their own way!" An Australian, at Forest Hills, puts on a childish act. "Look!" says an American spectator—"The trouble with these guys from down under is that they can't take a defeat without blaming somebody else." Both statements are nonsense. But they are made, all too frequently.

As the simple onlooker, I do not find the reasons for these occasional tantrums very difficult to understand. It might be useful to try to analyze the problem a little.

Sporting crowds are anything but fools, particularly when the game they are watching (which most of them have played) requires great skill and much subtlety of tactics and execution. There will, of course, be some fools among them; and some miserable law of Providence seems to have ordained that fools are frequently more vocal than wise men. But in Australia, about which I can speak with closer knowledge, a great crowd at a Davis Cup tie sees and understands a great deal of what is going on. It is quick to distinguish between the bad temper of a player whose conceit makes him blame somebody else for his own error, and the honest annoyance with himself of a player who is tensed up to do his best for his side, and falls into a blunder. No more popular player or more creditable American ever came to Australia to play Davis Cup than Ted Schroeder. Yet frequently I have seen him going back to serve after netting an easy volley, shaking his head and talking to himself with whimsical but violent disapproval. We all loved him for it. It was a natural and human part of his keenness and his will to win.

It is my own opinion that alleged "incidents" are grossly exaggerated in the reports. If we require, as we do nowadays, that mere boys should devote their lives to the game, in spite of their immaturity in general matters, we should not hypocritically expect that their demeanor will at all times and under all circumstances resemble that of a student of mental and moral philosophy. It is not uncommon to find an elderly businessman, fresh from roaring at some underling across his desk or over the telephone, glaring reprovingly at the tennis player who has displayed a sudden spark of ordinary humanity. My own complaint about the young champions of today is not that they complain too much, but that they smile too little. Perhaps it is inheritance: someone once said that the "English take their pleasures sadly."

To sum up, I think that by and large the players in Davis Cup matches have done a first-class job for international good will and understanding. The United States, since the war, has sent to Australia many fine players. With trivial exceptions, they have been outstanding athletes, intelligent and courteous. They have helped Australians to think well of Americans as a whole. I have never listened to one of them making a speech of thanks or of congratulation without marveling at their poise, their fluency, their choice of

continued on page 64

CONVERSATION PIECE:

SUBJECT: TONY TRABERT

by WHITNEY TOWER

The world's leading amateur player and star of the U.S. Davis Cup team says: "I have confidence in my own ability. I have confidence that I can produce under pressure in the clutch"



YOUNG EXECUTIVE, Wimbledon winner Trabert who seeks American title, soon becomes West Coast salesman for Security Banknote Co., but will continue to play tennis.

I THINK," said Tony Trabert, the Wimbledon champion who this week as the country's top amateur will lead the U.S. team in the defense of the Davis Cup, "the people who label touring amateur tennis players as tennis huns are undoubtedly jealous.

"Take a hypothetical case of a guy who works hard at tennis. He's got plenty of years when he's going to have to work, punching the clock from 8:30 to 5:30. But when he's young he has the opportunity to travel around the world with somebody else paying his expenses. In return he's performing, he's playing tennis to please the crowd. He's having a lot of fun, getting a good education. Why shouldn't he do it? Why should he be labeled a tennis hunk? Other athletes who travel and play their sport aren't huns. It just doesn't make sense—and it gripes me.

"Look at baseball. And I really love baseball. So a baseball player takes a punch at another player or at an umpire. He gets fined and that's all there is to it, and everybody takes it for granted that ballplayers are going to blow up once in a while. Nothing like this ever happens in tennis, and yet when we complain about a call—or dare to question an official—it's written up everywhere that we're all a bunch of hardsports. Personally I think you'll find a higher type, a more intelligent fellow playing tennis than any of the other sports, and, furthermore, I think I'm a better sport than 99 and 9/10ths of the guys playing the game. Sure, I'm enough of a competitor to want to win, but I seldom question decisions if I think a linesman has made an honest mistake. The way I feel is that if I work all my life at tennis I don't want some guy losing points for me because he isn't paying attention."

continued on page 59



BALDACCINI, 21, LOOKS TO THIRD TITLE IN BOB

MAN TO BEAT AT DEVIL'S LAKE

Split-second starts, delicate balance and a wizard's touch with an outboard motor have won two national hydroplane championships for young Don Baldaccini

by EZRA BOWEN

WHEN 16 of the country's best drivers bunch together at the line and open their throttles in each heat of a national outboard race like the one at right, the man who gets to the first buoy in front is odds-on to win. Don Baldaccini (top), a 21-year-old outboard motor dealer from Miami, Fla., absorbed this basic fact years ago, and has since made winning his business. As Stuart Gray, one of Baldaccini's top rivals in the Florida racing circuit, told SI Reporter Jack Roberts recently, "Don always gets out in front. That's half the battle. Once you're out front it's like riding on a millpond. Every turn you make is clear. Get behind and you have to worry about other boats' wakes."

Baldaccini has spent very little time in anyone's wake. In 1950, his second year in big-time competition, he cleaned up the fast winter circuit around Miami, winning 48 of 71 races and placing in the money in every other race but one. Three years later he was APBA national A stock hydroplane champion. Last year he won again. And this week (Aug. 26-29) at Devil's Lake, Ore. he will go after his third straight title. In the face of this rather impressive list, however, Baldaccini claims there is no special secret to hitting the line right at the gun with the engine wide open.

"I simply know distance in relation to time," he says blandly. "After a while you know when to cut loose."

Once he has cut loose, he is just as clever at staying on top. Kneeling in the cramped cockpit, right hand on the steering wheel and left hand clamped down on the spring throttle, he is continually shifting his body to keep the flighty hydro in perfect trim. "Everything depends on knee balance," he says. "Going downstream you shift your weight back to keep the nose up in good planing position. Going upwind you lean forward to keep from flipping. Moving into a turn you lean to the left to keep the boat from sliding. If you lean to the right the boat dips in and flops over."

Even a champion can't always keep a 50-mile-an-hour hydro in hand. "I was running in the Biscayne Bay regatta in 1953," Baldaccini recalled, "when the thing got airborne. When I finally got it back down the nose hit a wave. It was just like hitting a brick wall. The boat flew to pieces

and the motor passed over me. The propeller raked my left leg and laid it open. I was lucky I didn't get killed. But you can't let things like that bother you. Once you get scared and start holding back, you're through."

Two days before the 1953 Orange Bowl regatta, Baldaccini broke his right hand. He ordered the doctor to make a cast that would leave two fingers free for steering the boat. He won; but by the time the race was over the cast was a soggy mess. "I take boat racing seriously," he said. "You have to treat it like a business. The guys who get out on the course just to horse around don't win."

Besides his instinctive feel for a boat and a fixation on first-place finishes, Baldaccini is a near-genius at tuning a motor. In the stock classes of the APBA, there are strict rules which allow a man to improve his engine by polishing, adjusting and replacing certain parts. But they insist that the engine and its component parts end by looking and measuring like something that can be bought from a dealer's shelf. After Don won his second straight Class A stock hydro championship at De Pere, Wis. last year, the judges made a particularly thorough post-race check of his engine and abruptly disqualified him. The engine was too perfect.

If the engine was too perfect, the judges' ruling was too obscure for Baldaccini. It was also too obscure for the APBA which, upon his appeal, reversed the decision and gave him back his title.

This year Baldaccini is aiming for more than another A stock hydro championship. He also plans to enter the B stock hydro and A and B stock runabouts. In a warmup at Pass-a-Grille Beach, Fla. last month he put on an awe-some preview, winning both heats of his races in all four classes. A few weeks later he went to Hallandale, Fla. for one last tuneup before heading for Devil's Lake. Just before the race his A stock engine balked and he stripped it down for a complete overhaul. He managed, nonetheless, to win fourth place in the A hydro and one heat in the B hydro and take a first and second in the B runabouts. Then Businessman Baldaccini was set for the nationals. "I learned what the motors need," he said finally. "I think everything is ready now." (END)

OU CLASS RUNABOUTS PICK UP A CURTAIN OF SPRAY AS THEY BOIL ACROSS THE STARTING LINE





'REGATTA AT TROUVILLE' is a delightful example of one of the late Raoul Dufy's favorite subjects. The famous casino forms a romantic backdrop for his gay little boats.

'DEAUVILLE,' a gem of pencil drawing, shows Dufy's impeccable draughtsmanship. Color notes in French on the sails were for reference in preparing future paintings of boats.



Courtesy of Mrs. Alma C. Higgins.



SPORT IN ART

DUFY'S REGATTAS

A BOYHOOD in Le Havre watching big ships and little fishing smacks in the great harbor probably sowed the seed that later blossomed in the late Raoul Dufy as a full-blown romance with boats. He painted them often, in romantic harbors like Algiers and on the rivers of his beloved France, bobbing about on little skipping waves that sprinkle his lovely blue water scenes. But most of all he painted gay regattas at fashionable watering places like Deauville, Trouville and Cowes as in the panoramas on these pages. Here he found the small boats chic and shining, fluttering their pennants on a

fashionable breeze. And no one could paint the essence of chic with more élan than Dufy. Originally a follower of the Impressionists, he became one of "*les fauves*," the wild ones, when he fell under the spell of Matisse. The free use of color and imaginative distortions enchanted him. By the time he was 40 he had achieved the style for which he is now so famous. Dufy painted a world of loveliness. He once said: "My eyes were made to efface that which is ugly." His skies and seas are bluer, his grass greener, his flowers brighter than Paradise, and all his sailboats have a fair wind in their billowing sails.



'REGATTA AT COWES' was painted by Raoul Dufy in the early Thirties at the world famous resort on the Isle of Wight. He often visited there and found the spectacle of yachts dressed for a big regatta the perfect vehicle for his free-flowing brush.

KID SISTER TO THE LIGHTNING

She's small and she's pert, and in the family of class-boats she's coming right along. Her name is the Blue Jay and she's like a scaled-down Lightning. Light, fast and safe, the Jay has everything a boat needs to appeal to junior sailors and is growing faster than any other class in the country. In the past two years the class number has shot up from an estimated 80 to 374. Her popularity has spread to the West Coast (where there are nearly 40 Jays), Cape Cod, Italy and France. And in many yacht clubs juniors have found their parents trying to get into the act, with race committees setting aside one day a week when the Jay is for grown-ups only.

SPINNAKER RUN demonstrates how young skippers like Muff Crow (168) and Sam Barton Jr. (93) learn to cope

with special problems they will someday face in bigger boats. Right now they are top competitors in junior meets.



MORE FACTS ON THE BLUE JAY

LENGTH OVERALL: 11 FT. 6 IN.; BEAM: 5 FT. 2 IN.; WEIGHT: 275 LBS.
RACING COMPLIMENT: SKIPPER AND ONE OR TWO CREW MEMBERS
CUSTOM BUILT: YES; SAILS: 575-5325; SPINNAKER RIG: YES



BASIC BLUE JAY kit costs only \$398 and can be assembled in living room, as the William Parks family of Scarsdale, N.Y. did with two of them last winter. The boats, *Missieief* and *Magic*, are part of the Point O Woods Blue Jay fleet at Fire Island, N.Y.



BEATING UPWIND, Muff Crow at tiller of her Blue Jay 168, with Wendy Everett as her crew, comes abreast of two competitors in a recent race on Long Island Sound.



BASEBALL

IT WAS ONLY AN INCIDENT, BUT IT SHOULD BE A WARNING TO WILLIE MAYS: HE CAN MAKE OR BREAK HIMSELF AS A BIG STAR

by ROBERT CREAMER

WILLIE MAYS declined to run after a ball last week and in so doing (or not doing) stirred up a nice little hornets' nest.

The incident occurred in the Polo Grounds in the fourth inning of an afternoon game between Willie's laboring New York Giants and their great rivals, the Brooklyn Dodgers. Don Hoak, a fast and extremely capable base runner, was on second base. There were two out. Duke Snider, who has not been doing at all well at the plate lately, regained, at least momentarily, his hitting touch and ripped a stinging line single into center field. It was one of those blisters that never seem to rise more than two feet from the ground but which do not touch earth until they are well into the outfield.

HE MISSED IT

Mays, playing his normal deep center field for the powerful Snider, had no chance for a catch, but he came racing in, obviously planning to scoop up the ball on the dead run and throw to the plate in an attempt to catch Hoak. He had a good chance to do it, too. As the ball skipped flatly over the ground to him Willie dipped his left shoulder and dropped his gloved hand low, as he had done so many hundreds of times before.

But he missed the ball. I don't think he even touched it. It sped on toward the Giant clubhouse in distant center field, the crowd gasped (as it always will on a shocking, unexpected error) and Snider and Hoak raced around the bases.

Willie slapped on the brakes, turned and ran after the ball, though it was obvious he'd never get to it in time to catch either Hoak or Snider. Willie apparently thought so, too. He had gone no more than 10 or 12 scrambling steps when he looked back over his shoulder at the activity on the bases and stopped, letting the ball go, ignoring it.

This time the crowd did more than
continued on next page



Sailing

has
changed
since 1830...

but
the
good taste
of
Teacher's
never changes



TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
86 PROOF Schieffelin & Co., New York

MADE SINCE 1830 BY WM. TEACHER & SONS

continued from page 39

gasp. It muttered angrily. Right Fielder Don Mueller, who had been playing Snider way around to deep right, ran diagonally across the outfield and into the cinders in front of the clubhouse to retrieve the ball while Snider went on home.

For the rest of the game, whenever Willie came to bat he received a strange and unfamiliar greeting, which the New York Daily News reported succinctly next day in a headline: **WILLIE GETS RAZZ.**

Most of the New York sportswriters exonerated Willie and implied that the razzing was unfair. (Two of them, talking to him at his locker in the corner of the clubhouse after the game, sounded like defense counsel: "The ground was slippery, wasn't it, Willie? You knew you didn't have a chance, is that right, Willie?") Doughty little Joe King of the New York World-Telegram and Sun did otherwise.

King, an unabashed admirer of Mays, was obviously disheartened, discouraged and a little disgusted by this latest evidence of the change in Willie from the boy who was a joy to watch to the star who occasionally seems just a little bored by it all. He wrote the next day: "Willie Mays is now at the point where he can make or break himself as a big star." He mentioned Willie's declining popularity with his teammates, the evidence of showboating, the concern for his own record. He quoted Willie saying, "In this field if you miss it, it's gone. Why bother about it? He missed one yesterday and nobody says anything."

Then King wrote: "The 'be' Mays referred to was Snider, his archrival. On Wednesday night Duke did play a single by Mays badly, and the result was a two-base error. But Snider chased the ball madly. That's what Willie didn't get—the difference in attitude. . . . Snider knew he couldn't retrieve a miss in center in the Polo Grounds but he didn't give up. Willie did."

King was freely criticized for the column and blamed for building a molehill into a mountain. Even Duke Snider was quoted as saying, "What are they getting on Willie for? They expect you to perform miracles every day. Willie does a lot of great things over there. And what about his explanation? He said he saw Mueller going after the ball and Mueller was closer to it. Isn't that enough?"

No, it isn't enough. Ask Enos Slaughter, who at 39 still races around the

bases even on home runs poled into the seats, who runs to first base head down and all-out even on one-bounce taps back to the pitcher. Ask Billy Klaus, who didn't believe it when logic said he would never ever be a major leaguer and who this year is the key player on a team that doesn't believe it either. Ask Nelson Fox or Phil Rizzuto or Eddie Stanky. Baseball is a game that depends for its appeal on the dramatic, the melodramatic, the promise of the impossible. You don't give up; you can't concede.

The ball-chasing thing was only one incident, of course, one little lapse in one unimportant game. But it—and Mays's attitude—shocked those who last year reveled in the sight of Mays—the player of players, the one you've waited all your life to see.

WILLIE THE INCREDIBLE

Last year, you may remember, was the year of the Giants and the year of Willie Mays. It was the year Willie Mays vs. Duke Snider was a major subplot sharing stage space with the principal drama of the first-place struggle between the Giants and the Dodgers. No matter how many sound, logical, mathematical arguments the Snider camp raised to prove that the Duke was better, they were demolished by statements like, "Yeah, yeah, yeah, but Willie—he's incredible."

Before one night game in the Polo Grounds last year, with over 50,000 people in the stands, a cluster of photographers waited in deep center field outside the clubhouse. After a few minutes they brought Willie and the Duke out to pose for pictures. Up in the right field grandstand a Giant fan said, as

you may suspect, "That Willie Mays, he's unbelievable."

A big, middle-aged, nicely dressed Negro woman, obviously a Brooklyn rooter, turned her head and said in fine indignation, "They're taking pictures of Snider too, you know."

After the photographers had finished, Mays and Snider began to walk in across the outfield to their respective dugouts on either side of the infield. Before he had gone five steps, Mays, carrying a bat, broke into a trot and ran all the way in. Snider continued to walk.

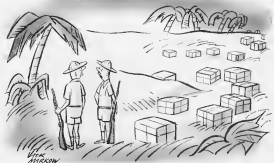
The Giant fan stood up and crowded. "That's the difference," he yelled. "Look at that. That's the difference!" And though the woman who liked Snider turned and looked at him with an expression of disgust, he was right. That was the difference. Last year.

This year, for reasons not entirely clear—whether because of weariness brought on by too much baseball, or indifference brought on by a one-sided pennant race, or disdain brought on by a too appreciative evaluation of his own worth—W. Mays, outfielder, just doesn't do things like that any more.

It's a shame, too, because it wasn't Willie's .345 average, his 42 home runs, his great catches, that made him the most treasured ballplayer in the country. It was the way he played, with that wild, boyish abandon. He never cheated the demanding baseball fan. He gave everything. When he gives up now, even on a hopeless quest, he isn't the same Mays.

I suspect this Mays would never have caught the ball that Vic Wertz hit in the World Series. He'd know he couldn't get to it.

(END)



"Wertz't they supposed to give us two weeks' notice?"

MOTOR SPORTS

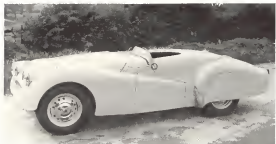
by JOHN BENTLEY

A ROAD TEST OF THE NEW TRIUMPH TR2 PROVES THAT IT IS A REAL DUAL-PURPOSE SPORTS CAR THAT CAN WORK ALL WEEK AND WIN IN COMPETITION ON WEEKENDS

Of the 20-odd makes of cars that competed in this year's Le Mans 24-hour hassle, only three were in the original spirit of this classic—that is, true production-type machines available to the public in almost identical form. And of these three—two British and one German—the Triumph TR2 most closely approximated the type of sports car that can be used all week on shopping trips, then raced at weekend with a reasonable chance of success.

When, therefore, Triumph Competitions Director Ken Richardson offered

extent do No. 28 and its two teammates vary from the absolutely stock TR2 available at your local dealer? Here is the answer: all three cars were equipped with 1 3/4 inch SU H6 carburetors in place of the usual 1 1/2-inch type, boosting the output from 90 to 92 1/2 hp at a low 5,000 rpm—only 200 rpm above the normal engine peak. No. 28 had disc brakes all round; No. 29 and No. 68 had them in the front only, by way of an experiment. If these brakes pass all the rigorous tests set for them, they probably will be avail-



STRIPPED FOR ACTION, TR2 has plastic windscreen and tonneau cover which, with streamlined bellypan, helped it clock 134 mph in trials on Jabbeke Highway in Belgium.

me No. 28 for a road test, I grabbed at the chance. No. 28 works team TR2, driven by Bobbie Dickson and Ninian Sanderson, finished 14th over-all and fifth in its class at Le Mans, running faultlessly throughout the 24 hours on one set of tires. It averaged 84.5 mph, put in several laps at over 92 mph and several times topped 120 mph in overdrive fourth on the long Mulsanne straight. "At that speed," Richardson told me, "you could steer it with one hand and light a cigarette with the other." From my experience with No. 28, there is no doubt this statement was true, for the positive smoothness of the TR2's cam and lever steering couldn't be bettered in a \$10,000, hand-built sports-racing car.

From the standpoint of the budget-conscious competitions enthusiast, the \$64 question is this: Precisely to what

able as optional production extras on future TR2s. Aside from this, all three cars had their folding tops removed and were equipped with plastic racing windshields such as any enthusiast can fabricate at home. In almost every other respect these cars are identical with TR2s coming off the production line at the rate of 25 per day. Not even the mufflers were removed. The only other differences are that the Le Mans cars have 62-spoke wire wheels of greater strength than the normal 48-spoke wheels available as a production line option. Logically too, they are equipped with a 31-gallon gas tank in place of the usual 15-gallon job.

When I took over No. 28, it was still running on the single set of tires used at Le Mans, and the treads were good for several thousand more miles. "Nothing's been done to this car since

it returned," said Richardson. "We haven't even removed the cylinder head for a checkup."

With a full tank, No. 28 weighed 2,128 pounds—78 pounds more than the go-to-market model—resulting in a slightly inferior power-weight ratio, but that detracted nothing from its extraordinary eagerness. "You can safely wind it up to 6,000 rpm," said Richardson. "Don't spare it in any way. We beat the devil out of these cars up and down the road all day long for durability tests. If anything breaks, don't worry; we'd like to know."

I took him at his word, beginning with a series of murderous acceleration tests in which I slammed the clutch home at 3,000 rpm from a standstill and took off with spinning wheels and smoking tires. The TR2's four-speed gearbox has always been a joy, but the Laycock de Normanville electric overdrive now available as a production feature makes a world of difference. By flicking a steering column switch on or off you instantly have the use of seven speeds—the normal four plus overdrive second, third and fourth, providing a 25% higher gear ratio. By using certain simple little tricks which can be learned in five minutes, momentary use of the overdrive when upshifting through the gears makes a big difference to acceleration times. For instance, going from zero to 60 mph you never need to use third. Instead, after a crash upshift from first to second, you flip in second overdrive at around 4,200 rpm and stay with it. Using normal first, second and third gears for this test, the best I could get was 11.4 seconds; but by calling in second overdrive—the intermediate gear between second and third—we clocked 9.9 seconds to 60. Thus, for a fairly heavy, pushrod two liter car is really going.

On the zero to 70 mph test, best results were obtained by using first, second, second-overdrive, then flicking off the overdrive during the upshift into third. Best figures obtained in this manner were: 0-30 mph: 3.2 seconds; 0-50: 7.4 seconds; 0-60: 9.9 seconds; 0-70: 14.8 seconds; standing quarter mile: 18.9 seconds. These figures compare favorably with those of many costlier sports cars with larger, more powerful engines. Maximum speed possible under test conditions was 100 mph (4,000 rpm in overdrive, 5,000 rpm in normal fourth), but this was reached so easily that I had the clear impression the car is good for the 120 mph claimed by Richardson.

When biting deep into fairly sharp
confined on next page



tune in
the world
with the

INTERNATIONAL

new all-wave portable by

STROMBERG-CARLSON

\$179.95

(includes extra)
SLIGHTLY HIGHER
IN SOUTH AND WEST

This is just about the most fascinating personal possession a man could want. You can take it anywhere on earth, and still tune in home. Or you can sit in your own back yard and reach at will into the farthest corner of the world!

Eight tuning bands—for standard AM broadcast; short wave; special long wave; marine, aircraft and amateur frequencies.

AC-DC or battery operation, with special circuit for over 200 hours battery life; self-retracting power cord.

Provision for 220 volt circuit adapter. Telescopic Whip Antenna with 3% foot extension for short waves.

Ferrite Core "Wave Window" Antenna for long-wave and AM bands,

removable for remote use.

Beam tuned circuits for sharpest selectivity and unwanted signal rejection on all frequencies.

Two speakers for undistorted tone and volume.

World map and log, with international time zones, mounted on hinged cover.

Assured barometer and thermometer built in.

Luggage style case of embossed leatherette, choice of five colors.

"there is nothing finer than a STROMBERG-CARLSON"

SEE THE "INTERNATIONAL" AT THESE AND OTHER LEADING STORES

New York: Abernethy & Fifth Co. - G. Selinger • Chicago: Von Lengerke & Arnold Co. - Tri-Por Radio Co. • Philadelphia: John W. Wenzel • Detroit: J. L. Hudson Co. • Pittsburgh: Joseph Horne Co. • Buffalo: Neal Clarke-Ned • Rochester: Albert's • Denver: Daniels & Fisher • Evans: Eddie • Kansas City: Jenkins Music Company • Toledo: George Folk Appliances • Hartford: Record Shop

FOR NAME OF NEAREST DEALER WRITE STROMBERG-CARLSON COMPANY, ROCHESTER 3, NEW YORK
A DIVISION OF GENERAL DYNAMICS CORPORATION

MOTOR SPORTS

continued from page 41

turns at high speed, No. 28 showed a marked tendency towards understeer common to all TR2s—that is it tended to head for the apex of the curve rather than its inner radius. However, the car is so tractable and responsive that you quickly get used to making the proper allowance. Certainly this quirk is far less dangerous than the oversteer of some rear-engine jobs.

No. 28's disc brakes suffered from the pre-operative squeak common to all brakes of this design, but their power was slightly unnerving. You can lock all four wheels at 60 mph. The stopping figure of 27 feet, 9 inches from 30 mph told nothing since the wheels locked solid and the car simply slid to a stop.

To sum up No. 28 and all TR2s, this is a true sports-racing car of astonishing performance with versatility, comfort and finish far above its basic price tag of \$2,500. Not the least surprising thing about it is the amount of luggage space available for a long trip. Utilizing the space behind the seats as well as the trunk, three good-sized suitcases can be carried, plus a typewriter, a holdall bag and a couple of topcoats.

When the TR2's bug-eyed headlamps have been removed and the front slightly redesigned, it will also be a handsome car. (END)

ANNIVERSARY



TWENTY YEARS AGO this week, incomparable Glessa Collett Vare won her sixth United States championship, a feat unparalleled before or since. On the 34th hole at Minneapolis' Interlachen Country Club, Mrs. Vare, 32, defeated 17-year-old newcomer Patty Berg, 3 and 2. Her women's U.S. Amateur victories spanned 13 years. The champion, who said motherhood improved her game, still plays a few tournaments after two children and 35 golfing years. Her son, Ned, now heads the Yale golf team.



TIP FROM THE TOP



Especially for over-80 golfers

from JULIUS BOROS, Mid Pines Club, Southern Pines, N.C.

Early in every golfer's lifelong tussle with the game he learns that there's a vast difference between 1) keeping your head down so that you have your eye on the ball at impact and 2) keeping your head down so that you finish your hitting action properly. "Staying down"—maintaining the proper head and body position during that moment after you have made contact is a tremendous factor in playing consistently accurate shots.

The simplest way to emphasize the importance of staying down is to remind you of what happens when you don't. When a golfer bobs his head up too quickly, he jerks up his hips and the upper part of his body along with his head. As a result he generally pulls the shot to the left. This doesn't mean that you should exaggerate this anchoring of the head and body as you hit through the ball. If you do, you cannot move into the shot and finish it the way you should. Good golf, like all things, comes from striking the happy medium. Correcting one extreme by going to the other is no correction at all. Practice is the best (and only sure) way of gaining the feeling of when you are staying down long enough but not too long over your shots.



Julius Boros holds position down over the ball as (above) he enters the hitting area and (right) swings through the ball

You Can Depend On

STRONGER Yet SAFER ANACIN to relieve PAIN

Won't Upset The Stomach

Anacin® not only gives stronger, faster relief from pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia—but is also safer. Won't upset the stomach and has no bad effects. You see, Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proven, active ingredients. Scientific research has proved no single drug can give such strong yet such safe relief as Anacin. Buy Anacin Tablets today!

INGROWN NAIL Hurting You? Immediate Relief!

A few drops of GUTTOLOX bring almost instant relief from burning pain of ingrown nail. GUTTOLOX soothes the nail underneath the skin, softens the nail to be cut out and prevents further pain and disease. Buy GUTTOLOX at all drug stores.

Richer, Creamier, AERO SHAVE Saves 20¢ a Can!



"CANNED-LATHER"
READY TO USE!

JUST PUSH VALVE...
OUT COMES LATHER!

- Richer, Creamier Lather
- No Brush Needed
- No Greasy Creams
- 3 Beard Softeners
- Contains Soothing Lotion

Net 7¢, Net 3¢, Only 59¢

AERO SHAVE Lather Bomb

Also economical King Size—12 oz. only 95¢

AMMUNITION

for a fraction of
regular cost



Reload a whole carton for the cost of a few rounds of factory ammunition. Shotgun shells, rifle and pistol cartridges can be reloaded safely and easily with an inexpensive set of famous IDEAL Reloading Tools.

THE LYMAN GUN SIGHT CORP.
34 SKIP ST., MIDDLEFIELD, CONN.

NEXT WEEK'S GUEST PRO: TOD MENEFFEE ON SQUARING THE STANCE

GEORGE SAYERS
Intensely
Famous

GOLF CLUBS

Guaranteed to be the
best you've ever used



If you want the guaranteed finest in golf clubs, you want custom-made clubs by George Sayers. FINER because they are fashioned to meet each requirement of your game. FINER because of the near-80-years of skilled hand-craftsmanship employed in their development. FINER because they have won 25 International Championships—more than any other make of club. FINER because they are GUARANTEED to satisfy you and approve your game. If you're money refunded. Send for the detailed information.

GEORGE SAYERS Hartford 6, Pa. Second in Name Since 1870

GEORGE SAYERS, Hartford 6, Pa.
Please send free detailed information to:

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

New DEODORANT for ACTIVE MEN

Gives You 24-Hour Protection

It works for hours and hours! The new Seaforth Deodorant—made especially for active men—gives you all day and all night protection, even in the hottest, stickiest weather. It contains a special super-effective odor neutralizer that gives you 24-hour protection. That's the Seaforth Stick Deodorant. There's Seaforth Spray Deodorant, too. Both \$1.00. At all good drug counters.



Seaforth!
DEODORANT
For Active Men

SPRAY OR STICK... TAKE YOUR PICK

COLUMN OF THE WEEK

by **DICK CULLUM**

Minneapolis Morning Tribune

A TALE OF TWO PROMISING LAOS
AND THEIR WANDERINGS IN THE
WORLD OF PROSPECTING COACHES

CHICAGO—It is a pleasant walk from the hotel to Soldier Field if the weather is moderate, and it is fun to come out ahead of the football crowd to chat with other early arrivals in the breeze which sweeps the promenade deck.

So you stroll along and find yourself behind two large human beings who may be recent high school graduates and, as it turns out, are.

The one on the left is as broad as the rear of a Michigan Avenue bus. The one on the right is lean and tapering and tall. Their conversation goes along in this fashion:

"Boy, the town is jumpin' with coaches, hey."

"Yeah, and are they hunting. I got five offers before breakfast. The first one was funny. This fellow said, 'We can only do what the rules allow.'"

"For gosh sakes who was that?"

"Well, you know they all start out that way; but this one stuck to it. He said, 'You know we can only do what the rules allow. We can give you tuition, board, room, a little spending money and books.'"

"Books? What do you want with books?"

"Well, you know how Coach Herman used to treat fumblees. He made them carry a football around school all day. Maybe this guy doesn't have enough footballs so he is having his fumblees carry books. They're harder to handle. How many offers did you get?"

"Well, there aren't so many basketball coaches in town today, but some of them were around. One said, 'How tall are you?' I said, 'Six ten and a quarter.' He said, 'For every half inch over six eight we give you 100 gallons of gas for your motorboat.' I said, 'Where do I get the motorboat?' He said, 'You get that at six eight. You've had it coming since you were 15.' So I said, 'That's 450 gallons of gas.' He said, 'No, only 400. At six ten and a quarter you have only four half inches over six eight.' I said, 'Don't I get anything for that quarter inch?' He said, 'No.' I said, 'Why you cheapskate. I wouldn't go to your school if you could teach me to read.'"

"You'll get a better deal than that if you wait."

"Sure, I will. I'm holding out until I can get a job for my old man."

"What does your old man do now?"

"Nothing."

"What does he want to do?"

"Nothing; but I figure he should get something for it."

The football kid said, "I got one offer that sounds pretty good. This guy said, 'What kind of grades you got?' I said, 'Well, I'm out of high school, ain't I?' He said, 'I know, but are your grades anywhere near C plus?' I said, 'A little closer to D minus.' He said, 'Well, then we gotta make other arrangements. We'll just have a little quiz contest. How tall are you?' 'Six one.' He said, 'You now have \$50. Want to try for \$100? How much do you weigh?' I said, 'Two thirty-five.' He said, 'You now have \$100. Want to try for \$200? How many points is a touchdown worth?' I said, 'Seven points.' He looked kind of sad and said, 'Well, we gotta start all over again.' I said, 'Not with me, you don't. I never missed an extra point in my life. It's seven points with me around.' He said, 'You now have \$400.'

"I said, 'I thought I was trying for \$200.' He said, 'Man, do you realize we lost three games last year by a point apiece? If you're a place kicker, this old grad who's taking this keen, fatherly interest in you, messages me you now have \$400. Want to try for \$800?' I said, 'Sure.' He said, 'Lovely weather, ain't it?' I said, 'Yeah, what about it?' He said, 'You now have \$800.'

"Then he said, 'If your team has three touchdowns and the other team has one and all extra points are kicked, what is the score?' I said, 'Coach, I never was very good at figures, but I'll take a stab at it.' He said, 'Never mind, just tell me who wins.' I said, 'I guess we do.' And he hollers, 'That is correct. You now have \$1,600.'

"So then he said, 'Well, now you get the idea of how this old grad wants to work. Any time you feel real sharp, just drop around and he'll play this quiz game with you.' I said, 'Coach, get off your knees. You got yourself a middle guard.'"

(END)

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

SO—season opened (or opened) **SC**—season closed (or closed) **C**—clear water **D**—water dirty or roily **M**—water muddy **N**—water at normal height **SH**—slightly high **H**—high **VH**—very high **L**—low **R**—rising **F**—falling **WTSD**—water temperature 50° **FG**—fishing good; **FF**—fishing fair; **FP**—fishing poor **OG**—outlook good; **OF**—outlook fair; **OP**—outlook poor

TROUT: **COLOMBIA:** Streams were slightly rainy but clearing last weekend with OG throughout the state. In Gumboon one of the high lakes are open. Taylor Reservoir, Cottonwood and Twin lakes are clear with FF-FG flow, but and lures. The Gumboon, Lark Fork, East and Taylor rivers are C, FG. The Snake, Yampa and Elk rivers in Stramont Springs region are L, H. FF. Whitefish aficionados are doing business with live nymphs. In North Park area the North Platte River is H, C with FF. Big Creek and Delaney Butte lakes N, G for trolling.

MONTANA: Many new-tooled catches made as sparse approaches peak, including 11-pounder from Galatin River on Joe's Hatcher fly, and 5- to 9-pounders from Missouri River, all on lures. Gallatin River is VG; lakes generally poor but FG on Mary Roman. Best fishing still to come after first cool evenings.

MAINE: Fly-fishermen considered adding pellets to their gear last week when stocking new regulations went into effect on Aug. 28 permitting spinning, bait-casting, and trolling on certain waters. Big Soundhunk a gem at the foot of Mt. Katahdin was chief victim. There's a run of 3- to 4-pound sculpin in the Burned Hole in northernmost Moosehead, according to Dana McNally of Portage-Spears, Bangor.

WASHINGTON: Early in week sea-run cutthroats went mad in the Nooksack River, which then got rainy. FG continues on Ross Lake for rainbow, big fallers. Inside tip: logging road into Canyon Lake out of Wenatchee is newly bulldozed, removing hazard of reaching top trout lake. Johnny Bishop and son Bruce, 13, of Bellingham, took easy limits of rainbows to 12 inches on bucktails and still-fishing worms at east end. Take as much sleeping bag as there's snow on north slopes. FVG now for brook trout at Tompkins Lake.

MICHIGAN: Big brown trout are concentrated in midchannel pools of Tobacco, Maple, Platte rivers with FG for knowledgeable night fishermen. The 30-day drought has made water VL and some canoe lovers on south branch of Au Sable have stopped operating. Forest fire hazard high, with 45° temps. OG because things can't get any worse.

BONEFISH: **LOUISIANA:** Edgar Miller of Lake Charles, who has caught bonefish in Florida, went fishing in the surf off Grand Isle, and this man says he caught several 3- to 5-pound bonefish on a silver spoon with a yellow bucktail. Next thing someone will hang a sail while casting for sea trout.

CHANNEL BASS: **FLORIDA:** The bay fishermen behind junior-sun redfish, or "puppy drum," have made a midsummer reappearance in northwest with FG for fish up to 10 pounds at Panacea, Canavieles and Ochlocknee Bay. Canavieles are using mallet or longer tails, trailers and yellow jigs sure fire, with silver spoons good too.

LOUISIANA: The fall run has begun in the Bayou de l'Est Lake area, Walter Pelgrom and son caught 14 from 5 to 9 pounds. OVG.

NORTH CAROLINA: Now that Connor and Diane are memories, channel bass are again being caught from the surf along the Dare County coast.

TUNA: **MASSACHUSETTS:** Big fish are in Cape Cod Bay, intermingled with smaller school fish, and they are being fuzzy. Only eight fish boated during four-day Cape Cod tuna matches with 11 pounds the top weight; most caught on Jap red or green and yellow feathers. Best school tuna off Pollock Rip Lightship. Sewel-on mackerel merely elicit stares from big fish. Richard Hanna, 13, of Newton, Mass., hooked a fish estimated at 500 pounds while using a dinky 4/0 reel and 36-pound test line and

held it for an hour and a half before it broke off.

CALIFORNIA: Blinded tuna are congregated off Catalina, according to our seagoing spy, and slobbers, the tuna's smaller cousins, are running like crazy with easy limits a couple of hours out of Los Angeles. The fish are small, indicating a long run and OG.

ATLANTIC SALMON: **NEW JERSEY:** Fishing greatly improved and OG at Hardland Pool on St. John River. No salmon showing on Nesham, because water L, H, OP. Some fish killed on main southwest branch of Miamoch from Housatonic to upper stretches. FF on north-west Tappan but FF on southwest branch. Dred-meters ceased operating Aug. 15, so returning for fall run of large salmon now appearing in lower Miamoch. OG from now to season's end.

NOVA SCOTIA: Sheet Harbor River with tip of 55 salmon last week continues as the kill water in province. Margaret second but with only 17 fish. OG following recent heavy rains.

BLACK BASS: **PENNSYLVANIA:** Streams flooded and to fishing in central and eastern areas, but OG as soon as waters recede. Diane missed the west, but August deliriums have slowed the fishing except at Conestoga where thermometers-fishing anglers have found fish 10 to 15 feet deep. Let your hardware sink before retrieving and then sit-a-sid-back. A few cool nights will make OG elsewhere.

FLORIDA: You've got to get up early or stay till evening to find good fishing spots on St. Johns River near Lake Washington. Lake Harris at Howey, Lake Pinellasville north of Bushnell and the phosphate pits in Polk County. Some wallopers are being taken from deep holes with artificial sets of all things, the hot lot here in pieces in this area. Elsewhere OF. FG also reported with eels at Lake Jackson near Tallahassee.

TENNESSEE: Bill Martin of Oak Ridge got a 4-pound 7-ounce largemouth at Watts Bar Lake. FG but most catches made early and late. Largemouth also hitting again at Cherokee and Douglas lakes. You just have to wait out the heat and wind, then cast the banks. Small-mouth anglers report better-than-average tips to Holston and Pigeon rivers. Top-water lure are a bit more productive than spoons and spinners.

MICHIGAN: Smallmouths have gone berserk and are hitting at practically anything in most waters, at present the only bright spot in the state's fishing picture.

MINNESOTA: FF FG on Maple Lake at Alexander. Little Long Lake at Ely, Clearwater Lake at Bemidji. Frogs good in daytime with surface splashing plugs and popping bugs best in late evening, early morning. Basswood Lake at Ely is best in state for smallmouths.

PACIFIC SALMON: **BRITISH COLUMBIA:** Recent big tides brought in large fish and plenty of them. The Campbell River gave up a 64½-pounder to W. R. Fitter of Portland, Ore.; a 61-pounder to Dr. James Ewary of Stockton, Calif.; plus plenty from 40 to 56 pounds. Big salmon will carry through until Labor Day at least. Silvers hit everywhere along east coast Vancouver Island and should continue for several weeks. Flies and small spoons best. FG on the beach.

CALIFORNIA: Few big fish to 40 pounds from Sacramento River near Chico, but big runs slacking off Golden Gate, Humboldt Bay. Few small fish off mouth Klamath River but OG as major runs approach.

OREGON: Moosling best method for salmon on lower Clatsop. Strong afterburn winds cause rough water near bar, but OG is definitely G.

"It has a certain cleanness of taste and after-taste"



BELL'S
Special Reserve
SCOTCH
Whisky

50 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky Arthur Bell & Sons Ltd., Oatlands, Perth, Scotland G. F. Hamilton & Co., Inc., Hartford, Conn. Sole Distributors for the U.S.A.

MR. SMITH MEETS THE PRESIDENT

Wherein the author, a self-styled average man, receives an invitation to break bread—and munch brook trout—with a fellow fisherman by the name of Dwight Eisenhower and experiences all the delights and emotions of such an occasion

by EDMUND WARE SMITH

ABOUT NOON on Friday, June 24 I was driving alone across Maine, bound for Errol, N.H. Near Errol, at the Pack Management Center on the Dartmouth College Land Grant, I was slated—or destined—to join the most astonishing trout-fishing expedition of my life. I hadn't realized quite how astonishing the trip really was till I stopped for a rest in the town of Strong, Me.

There, while sipping a gas-station Coke, I saw a sign stating that Strong is the world's center for the manufacture of toothpicks. I began to think about toothpicks and people who used them. My grandfather had a gold toothpick. My mother, who didn't use toothpicks, said grandfather's wasn't sanitary. I wondered if Abraham Lincoln used toothpicks? Or Billy Graham? Or Ben Hogan? Or Oliver Wendell Holmes?

Then all of a sudden I wondered if

President Eisenhower used them, and brought up with a severe start. Within 24 hours, if no mishap befell me, I would be in a position to know. Because at the Pack Management Center, above the fork of the Swift and Dead Diamond rivers, at noon tomorrow I was going to eat lunch with Mr. Eisenhower.

I had been invited by Dartmouth's President John Sloan Dickey to join his annual fishing party. As hosts to Mr. Eisenhower, the party was to catch the trout which Sidney Hayward, secretary of the college, would broil. Then, together with the President of the United States and others, we would all sit down and eat them. Afterward, if Ike wanted a toothpick, he would get one to his liking if I had to whittle it myself out of dry cedar.

To the average man, eating trout, cornbread and beanhole beans at a small, deep-woods, camp table with the

President is of the stuff of dreams. In this respect at least I am an average man. My name is Smith and it is on behalf of the average man that I hope to describe the sensations, before and during, of a close-up meeting with America's leading citizen—and of the 20 seconds or so I found myself, by accident, alone with him.

"He'll be coming through Sunday or Monday," the gas-station attendant said.

"I know," I said. "On his way to Skowhegan. As a matter of fact, I'm eating lunch with him tomorrow."

"What?"

I repeated myself verbatim and the gas-station man, with the acrimony of total disbelief, said, "Nsis!"

I drove on, fully realizing that the guy could be right. I might be dreaming. The average man often did. There was a possibility that I would arrive on the riverbank in the forest of the

WAITING FOR IKE at cabin are (from left) Tom Dent, Dartmouth soccer and lacrosse coach; John Sloan Dickey, college president; Author Edmund Ware Smith; Ernest Hopkins, Dartmouth president emeritus; Edward Weeks and Laurence Whittemore.



Writer Smith, who spends a long summer each year with his wife at the log-cabin camp he built himself on remote Shin Pond, Me. (accessible only by air), is a sensitive reporter on the wilderness scene. A life-long angler, camper and camper, he is remembered by SI readers for his *Woodsmen from Old Cabins* (SI, Oct. 11, 1964) and *An Ode to Spring Fever* (SI, April 11, 1965).

Secure from heat and hurricanes in his Maine retreat, Ed Smith is finishing up the season writing and fishing and, no doubt, reminiscing on the exciting day when he was the Smith of all Smiths who talked with Ike.



Angler Eisenhower crossed the border into Maine after lunching with Dartmouth President John Sloan Dickey's fishing party and proceeded to Farmachenee Lake. Here Ike fly-fished on the Magalloway River but with only fair luck (he minimized a 10-inch brook trout by calling it "just a Rhode Island"). Later he caught two land-locked salmon before leaving New England.

At present Ike is in Colorado where he has been skillfully serving up dry flies to rainbow trout in the vicinity of Fraser. A veteran angler, he likes to float a fly on sparkling water, and knows what to do when a fish strikes



Dartmouth Grant and find the place deserted. On the other hand, my wallet was upholstered with credential papers from Robert Scott Monahan, Dartmouth College forester and head of the college staff in charge of arrangements for the Presidential party. And now that news of the trip had been released I was at liberty to talk about it.

Where I live, on a remote Maine lake, there are few people to talk to about anything. There I was, with no telephone, the biggest story of my life, and no one to tell it to! So I had hunted up all my woodsman friends within a half-day's travel. I had told them where I was going to eat lunch on Saturday, June 25 and with whom. Many of them gave me messages, with instructions in government jargon, to deliver verbally to the President. Judging by the nature of some of these messages, my friends were of the same mind as the gas-station man in Strong. A few, I think, half-believed me. . . .

As I drove on toward the Rangeley section of Maine, getting closer to Errol, N.H., the adventure began to look real. My excitement mounted, causing me to visualize intimate little scenes. The President wasn't scheduled to do any fishing while a guest of our party but in one of my scenes he did. He was having poor luck, so I waded over to him and gave him a special fly I had—a Nine-Three, invented and tied by Dr. Sanborn of Maine. With my fly Ike hooked a two-pounder on his first cast. I skillfully netted the fish for him, while a myriad of cameras flashed. I sent one of the pictures to my son Jim in Bishop, Calif. and Jim showed it to my grandson Jeff, saying, "Look, Jeff! That's Grampy, with the President of our country!"

This thrilling fancy had taken me clear out to California. I returned abruptly to western Maine, Route 4, but was soon at large again. Since I had no notable war experience and knew less than nothing about politics and world affairs I felt obliged to restrict my conversations with the President, even imaginary ones, to domestic items. I did so, telling him that my home was a log cabin in northern Maine.

"That's good," he said. "That's American. I wish mine was."

A PRESIDENTIAL WISTFULNESS

In this brief dream I detected a wistfulness in the President's voice. So I asked him to come to my cabin for a long weekend and bring Mrs. Eisenhower. He accepted my invitation with a touching and almost predatory eagerness and called to Bernard Shanley, his appointment man.

"Bernard," he said, "get Mamie on the phone and fix the schedule so we can get up to Ed Smith's cabin over the Fourth."

The thing was getting out of hand. What would I say when I actually met Mr. Eisenhower? What would he say? What would you say? The thing to do, I told myself sternly, is to act and talk naturally.

This bit of self-admonition brought me back to reality with a timely snap. I was driving too far over on the left-hand side of the road and I had lost track of where I was. The route number was now 16. I had passed through the town of Rangeley without knowing it and was only a few miles from Errol.

At the base of a hill I noticed a car parked on a side road. Beside it stood a man, his wife and several young children. It looked like motor failure, so

I drew up, smiled benevolently and said, "Trouble?"

"What's the trouble with having a picnic?" the man said.

"Nothing," I said. "I just thought something was wrong. Your car hood is up."

"I like it that way," said the man.

By a simple statement of where I was bound and why I could have reduced the man to a quivering jelly. But he had Quebec license plates, and what with my close association with the White House, I thought it wise to do nothing which might jeopardize our country's cordial relations with the Dominion of Canada. I arrived at Errol in midafternoon.

Everywhere in the tiny, wood-burning hamlet you could immediately feel the suspense and see it in the eyes of the people. A telephone crew was working on the wires. Several new poles had been planted. A man told me I could buy my New Hampshire fishing license in a restaurant by a certain gas station.

"How old are you?" the young man who was filling out my fishing license asked me.

"Fifty-four," I said. "What time is he coming through tomorrow?"

"About 11:20. What color's your hair?"

"Brown, turning gray. Kind of exciting, isn't it?"

"You ain't kidding. What's your height?"

"Five eleven. I was born in Plantsville, Conn."

"I got a brother there," said a man at the counter, adding: "Where do you plan to fish?"

"On the Dartmouth Grant—the Dead Diamond River."

continued on next page

**MR. SMITH
MEETS THE PRESIDENT**

continued from page 47

"You can't get in there, not till after he goes. They won't let you through the gate without you got a signed permit from Bob Monahan."

"Well," I said, "I've got one."

I paid for my license. As I went out I could feel the men in the restaurant staring at my back. I didn't turn to see their expressions but I knew no one had ever stared at me like that before.

Seven miles back over Route 16 I turned left on the narrow, gravel, woods road leading into the Dartmouth Grant. At the Gate Camp, on the west bank of the Diamond River, a heavy steel cable with red flags hanging on it barred my passage. Mrs. Grace Turner, the dark-eyed, attractive lady who commands the Gate Camp, came out, took my permit and read it carefully.

"I guess you're all right," she said.

"I hope so," I said.

She went back into the camp, pulled a lever and the cable dropped to the gravel. I drove over it and turned sharp right to cross the bridge over the Diamond River.

The narrow forest road, mostly single lane, had been freshly graveled. In places where the sides were washed out, peeled spruce guard logs had been laid. Some Dartmouth boys were cutting brush. The foreman of the student crew was a blue-eyed, crew-cut blond called Sanders of the River. He and his staff had been at it since 5 in the morning,



BEHMIE TURCIS, the camp cook, is introduced to President by Sherman Adams.

and they looked tired, fly-bitten, sunburned and starry-eyed happy. You could feel their *esprit de corps* at a distance of a hundred yards. It was contagious.

"How far to the Management Camp?" I asked Sanders of the River.

"You're almost there."

"This is really something, isn't it?" I said. "Do you suppose he'll actually come?"

"I hope so!" said Sanders of the River.

"Same here," I said.

Five minutes later I had reached my destination and was shaking hands with Bob Monahan, a slim, smiling, redheaded man who loves his work, which is forestry. I think he even loved the weeks of anxiety, responsibility and meticulous planning requi-



LAURENCE WHITTEMORE, chairman of the Brown Co. (paper) talks to Ike.

site to the President's imminent visit. He had flown the area with the Secret Service in a military DC-3, conferred endlessly and was now concerned with the problem of ice for cooling the luncheon salad and preserving the steaks, foresightedly on hand in case the trout weren't biting.

Bob showed me into the Management Camp. It is a frame building with brown clapboard siding. The main room is about 24' by 26', with a stone fireplace at the left, two small bedrooms on the same side and a lavatory with a shower. Bob told me I was to share one of the bedrooms with Sidney Hayward, who was off fishing.

"President Dickey and Ted Weeks have the other," he said.

Ted Weeks is Edward Weeks, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

We walked through the main room into the kitchen. Bob introduced me to Behmie Turcis, official cook for Mr. Dickey's fishing party. Behmie was dressed in a white apron and trousers, and his pale blue eyes were afire with anticipation. He took loaves of fresh-bread from the oven of his wood stove and they smelled wonderful.

Beyond the kitchen, at the end of the building, was Bob Monahan's woods office. There were a desk, two beds, a shuffle of maps and papers, a telephone and two men. One of the men held the receiver of the telephone to his ear.

"He's been like that for three days,"

Bob said. "They're trying to put through a direct line to the White House. These guys won't even let me into my own office."

In a clearing near the river Bob showed me the big tent where the press, the Secret Service, state police and game wardens were to eat. Near the tent Ross McKenney, Maine guide and woodcraft advisor to the Dartmouth Outing Club, was splitting birch to feed a fire in a pit where the bean-hole beans were to be buried for cooking. Walter Prager, the college's famous ski coach, was lending a hand. John Rand, director of the Dartmouth Outing Club and secretary of the luncheon committee, drove up in a station wagon loaded with gear and accouterments. John said he had butterflies in his stomach as big as young mice. I sympathized with him.

"Anything you want in Errol?" Bob Monahan asked Ross McKenney.

Ross, his face wet with bone labor in the heat, looked up from his fire and said: "Yes."

Bob asked me if I wanted to start fishing. I said I was too excited. So we went in his car toward Errol to get ice. In the five miles of wilderness road back to the bridge and Gate Camp we must have stopped 30 times. If there was a rock in the road much bigger than a ball bearing, we picked it up and chucked it into the brush. We cut overhanging branches. We sometimes stopped to trace the telephone cable lying in the grass by the roadside. We halted on a blind curve to study an ominous, dead birch tree. It was rooted on a cliff to our left. It was 50 feet high. It might weigh half a ton, and was leaning toward the road.

"That's no good at all," Bob said.

We met Sanders of the River and his student crew, which included Lincoln Ya, Tom Nichols, Franklin Gould and Mamoru Mitsui. Bob told the boys what a whale of a good job they were doing. Then he spoke to Sanders of the River about the menacing dead birch.

"We'll get it," Sanders of the River said.

"It won't be easy, boys. But we'll all feel better if that birch isn't there—tomorrow noon."

"It won't be there," Sanders of the River said.

In Errol in an icehouse we got six sawdust-covered cakes of ice and delivered them to Ross McKenney. By now it was almost dark. As we were lighting the oil lamps Sanders of the River appeared, his face shining like a jewel.

"We got the big birch!" he said.

Presently, Sid Hayward and the other fishermen came in off the Swift Diamond. Tom Dent, Dartmouth soccer and lacrosse coach, was one of them.

Sam Brungot, the fire patrolman, and Slim Olsen were guides. They were wet, tired and happy. They had a good catch. Old Sam Brungot, who is Norwegian and the grandfather of 17 children, showed me a big trout he'd caught. By grace of President Eisenhower, that trout and old Sam were destined for fame. But Sam was famous already.

President Dickey and Edward Weeks showed up soon after 8 o'clock. Behnke Tucia, the cook, looking relieved, put his grill on the wood stove and arranged pork chops on it.

Everyone was thinking about one thing, one man, and no one was talking about it, or him, till after supper when Sid Hayward gave us a tense briefing on how we should be relaxed and informal when the great moment came.

"This is a fishing trip," Sid said. "We wear our fishing clothes and behave like fishermen. John Dickey will sit at the head of the table. He will take care of the President. Ed Smith, being from Maine, will take care of Senator Fred Payne. Ted Weeks is assigned to..."

Sid went down through the list. After he was through, Tom Dent, who was born in Scotland and has a marvelous Scotch burr at his command, said, "I will now give a demonstration in fly tying."

I turned in while Tom was tying peacock herl on a Royal Coachman. I heard him explaining how the Reverend Cannon Greenwell of England had invented the Greenwell's Glory fly. Tom's burr was working fine. I finally fell asleep, in my ears dimming details concerning Hewitt's glass-tank experiments to determine a trout's cone of visibility.

The President was due to arrive at the camp at 11:45 a.m. We all went

fishing, after agreeing to return by 11. I fished with Joe Dodge, who is an old friend, but my heart wasn't in fishing for once. I caught one trout. It was five and a half inches long. I returned it to the waters of the Dead Diamond and said to Joe, "Let's get back to the camp."

We got back ahead of time. So did almost everyone else. John Dickey's fishing party was completed by the arrival of President Emeritus Ernest Hopkins and Laurence Whittemore, of the Brown Company.

We were getting nervous. Sid Hayward started his charcoal fire for broiling the trout. We kept looking down the road. Paul Dougherty, the game warden, turned on the radio in his car. He was in touch with the President's party.

"They're in Errol right now!" Paul reported.

Suddenly someone sighted the famous golden eagle, who perennially roosts on a tall dead pine on Diamond Peak, within full view of the Management Center. John Dickey lifted his binoculars. A golden eagle for the President! It was a momentous, symbolic stroke of luck! The eagle soared wondrously in the mile-high thermals—and casually disappeared. We all groaned. In the eagle's place came a dense rain cloud. It started to sprinkle and we moved to carry stuff in out of the wet. It stopped sprinkling.

"They're at the Gate Camp?" someone reported.

We all looked down the road. Some Secret Service men appeared silently. They were young, suntanned, well-dressed, well-mannered and extremely capable looking. I thought I could see extra bits of leather attached to their belts, and I knew this leather would lead to a holster and a gun.

We looked down the road all the time and suddenly someone said, "Here they come!"

First there was a string of black cars full of game wardens and state police, and then another big black car, and after that—with other cars bringing up the rear—came the President. His car stopped right beside us. He got out and shook hands with President Dickey, and President Dickey began introducing him. I shook hands with him. He looked absolutely fine, younger than in all the pictures I'd seen of him. He was dressed in a tan suit, hat, green tie and white shirt with French cuffs.

John Dickey was helping him into a white mess jacket with the Dartmouth emblem in green. The President was having trouble getting his French cuffs

through the sleeves of the mess jacket.

"My arms are too long," the President said.

"That's good for your golf swing," I said.

He laughed and said, "That's right—good for the swing."

The press photographers were creating lightning with their flashbulbs. I never saw guys work so hard and so fast. The President had been introduced to old Sam Brungot, the forest fire patrolman. Sam had on a new red hat and a new red tie, bright against his forest green shirt. The President and Sam were laughing and talking. I couldn't hear what they said. Ike reached out, got hold of Sam's red tie and started to straighten it. A press photographer, with his picture dead-



SANDERS OF THE RIVER, heading student road crew, chats with President.

center in his flinder, got accidentally bumped in the elbow. He looked sick.

I stood back on the edge of the group, and suddenly it was as if half the faces I'd seen in magazine and newspaper photos had come to life. The faces had bodies attached to them, and arms and legs and voices. Sherman Adams, Styles Bridges, James Hagerly, Robert Cutler, Stetson Weeks, General Snyder, Norris Cotton. And the President of the United States.

The President moved about quickly. You got the impression of vitality, and you remembered dozens of swift scenes: his meeting Sanders of the River and the student crew, his graciousness. A serious moment with President Dickey and President Emeritus Hopkins. They must have been talking about education. I don't know.

The President came over to the fire, where Sid Hayward was broiling the trout. He cast an expert eye over the scene.

"Let me cook one," he said. "I know how to cook trout. Have you got a good-sized one? And some aluminum foil?"

Sam Brungot and his big trout
continued on next page



SAM BRUNGOT, fire patrolman, caught a big trout which Ike cooked personally.

SERIES 60
MODEL K4
4 POWER SCOPE
\$45.00

For Accuracy of Aim



SERIES 60 MODEL K
WEAVER SCOPES

World's Most Used, Most Proved Scope

MODEL 54 AND 56...
THE SCOPE FOR ALL 32"



Prices, including M or
R-O-D Mount: \$4, \$9.75,
\$6, \$12.50

Fully automatic lens sys-
tem; adjustments of gaze-
retention, accuracy, shock,
steady, steady 15's beam
detected grooves in reticle
to fit Weaver R-O-D Mount
for 8 bases. On or off in
seconds without tools.

Twenty-five years of scope making experience make
the new Series 60 Model K Weaver Scopes better
than ever. Series 60 features include: Larger lenses,
hard coated, sharp, clear, brilliant; micrometer click
adjustments for windage and elevation; steel tubes
for greater strength; harmonically sealed lenses. See
Model K Scopes at your dealer's.

© 1953 W. R. Weaver Co.

Please Send Folders on Weaver-Scopes and Mounts

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____ State _____

W. R. WEAVER COMPANY

DEPT. 40 • EL PASO, TEXAS

MADE IN U.S.A. BY AMERICAN CRAFTSMEN

**MR. SMITH
MEETS THE PRESIDENT**

continued from page 15

appeared like a miracle. The President looked with approval on both. But nobody could find any aluminum foil till someone pointed to the trash can.

"We had sliced onions wrapped in this—but it's clean," someone said.

"Fine—give me some cornmeal, salt and pepper."

He helped the President spread out the aluminum foil. He wrapped up Sam's big trout and placed it over the coals. Tom Dent, his Scotch burr working beautifully, was shuttling back and forth through this scene. He and the President had reached a nickname basis practically from the start and were having uproarious fun.

"Like," Tom said, "I want to hire you for a cook on my fishing trips."

"I'll do that, Tom—just as soon as I get through with the job I'm on now."

Joe Dodge and Behmie Turcis came to the kitchen door, near the charcoal fire, and called, "Come and get it!"

HE KNOWS HOW TO COOK

In the main room of the Management Center building we sat down at two tables, nine or 10 men at each, after serving ourselves at the buffet table up front across the kitchen door. Broiled trout, beanhole beans, Behmie Turcis' cornbread, a salad and pie. I sat at the foot of Mr. Eisenhower's table, with Senator Payne on my right. John Dickey sat at the head of the table, the President at his left. I was too excited to eat much but the President did well. I saw him stand up and go to the buffet for seconds. He picked up a small, broiled trout with his fingers. Then he reached out and put his hand on Behmie Turcis' shoulder, and Behmie's eyes shone like a couple of blowtorches. The trout the President had cooked came in presently and we all had a bit of it. He knows how to cook one, all right.

All the while you thought of the magnitude of this man's responsibility. He had just returned from San Francisco. His mind must be weighted with a thousand problems, any one of which would stagger a regiment. But now, for a moment, he was enjoying himself, and I was thrilled and moved to be even a small part of it. I felt exactly as Behmie Turcis felt, as Sanders of the River felt. I guess everyone there felt that way.

After lunch I went out on the front porch and stood there awhile. Then I turned to my left off the front porch



In next week's
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
be sure to go shopping in

**THE WEEKEND
SHOPPER**

SI's mail mart that makes it
*easy to find
and easy to order*
many of the unique, serviceable,
unexpected, and sometimes
out-of-the-way items
you've been looking for
and haven't been able
to find anywhere else.



and started to walk down the length of the building. I saw someone coming toward me. It was the President. We met midway of the building and we both stopped and smiled. This meeting was pure accident.

"Mr. Eisenhower, I've been looking for a chance to tell you I'm probably the first man here to have voted for you."

His look was curious, serious. "How's that?"

"My wife and I voted absentee, weeks before Election Day in '52—in the town clerk's office in Mount Chase, Maine."

"That's good—interesting."

"I have some messages for you—instructions from my Maine woods friends."

"What are they?"

"Well—Al Foster wants more trout in Lost Pond, and Sawdust Hall wants a drastic reduction in the liquor tax."

It was wonderful to hear him laugh and see the thin wrinkles in his sun-burned forehead and his eyes full of delight as he answered, "That would be a good platform to run on!"

"Sure," I said, "but maybe a little oversimplified."

People began to converge and the President was in the midst of them and a little while later the cars began to form for departure. Mr. Eisenhower got into the big black one with the transparent top. He put on his tan suit jacket, then took it off again and replaced the white mess jacket with the green Dartmouth emblem. We were grouped around his car, shaking hands, telling him to have a good time fishing in Maine, and to get all the rest he could, and to come back again, and good luck to him wherever he went. Then Tom Dent showed up with some trout flies he'd tied and he and Mr. Eisenhower were having a regular reunion.

Tom gave him a fly and the President said, "Haven't you more of those?"

"Certainly. Here, take them all."

"Tom, if these flies don't catch fish, I'll come back and get you!"

A Secret Service man gave an arm signal. The cars started to move. They turned downriver on the woods road, and the last one disappeared. We stood around looking at each other. It was quiet. It was as if a benevolent cyclone had just passed. Sam Brungot carefully took off his new red hat and put the old, faded one back on his head. President John Sloan Dickey said, "Well, let's go fishing."

Some of us did.

END

All Over the World...

PORSCHE WINS ON DUNLOP TIRES



In Europe, in South America and in the United States, Porsches, like the one shown, are winning races—setting new class records. The tortuous courses laid out for these sports car races provide ideal proving grounds for cars, and for tires. It is significant that most makers of high-performance sports cars like the Porsche meet the tire demands of high-speed cornering, fast acceleration and heavy braking with Dunlop Tires.

All drivers can benefit. For Dunlop's experience in building sports car tires has helped Dunlop build in the extra strength and extra stamina that means greater safety—longer trouble-free service in all Dunlop Tires. Dunlop Tire & Rubber Corporation, Founders of the Pneumatic Tire Industry, Factory and Executive Offices, Buffalo 3, New York.

The next time you need replacement tires for your sports or passenger car, follow the lead of racers and car makers alike. Insist on Dunlop Tires.



COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.D.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED
August 26 through September 4

FRIDAY, AUGUST 26

- Baseball**
● Detroit vs. Boston, Briggs Stadium, Detroit, 2:55 p.m. (Mutual*)
- Boxing**
Carl (Babo) Olson vs. Joey Gamboa, middleweights (tentative), San Francisco (10 rds.)
- Football**
Philadelphia Eagles vs. Chicago Bears (exhibition), Philadelphia, 8:35 p.m.
- Golf**
Kansas City women's open tournament, Kansas City, Mo. (until Aug. 26).
- Horse Racing**
Queen City Invitational, \$15,000, 1 m., free-for-all pace, Batavia, N.Y.
- Swimming**
Natl. Raven class championships, Put-in-Bay, Ohio (until Aug. 28).
- Tennis**
● Davis Cup Challenge Round, Australia vs. United States, Forest Hills, N.Y. (until Aug. 28). (NBC*—intermittent pickups: 2-6 p.m., Aug. 27 & 28).
- Water Skiing**
Natl. championships, Lakeland, Fla. (until Aug. 26).

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27

- Baseball**
● Cleveland vs. New York, Municipal Stadium, Cleveland, 1:25 p.m. (TV—CBS*, radio—Mutual*)
- Cycling**
Natl. racing championships, Flushing Meadows bicycle track, N.Y. (also Aug. 28).
- Football**
Green Bay Packers vs. Pittsburgh Steelers (exhibition), Green Bay, Wis., 8 p.m. C.S.T.
- Golf**
Natl. Women's Amateur tournament final round, Chaska, Minn.
- Horse Racing**
Philadelphia Turf Handicap, \$20,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, 1 & m. Aqueduct, N.Y.
● Meadowland Handicap (turf), \$50,000, 1 3/16 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Washington, Pa., Homewood, Ill. (CBS TV 6 p.m., radio 6-15 p.m.)
● Houshalk Stakes, \$30,000, 6 1/2 f., 2-yr.-olds, Saratoga, N.Y., about 5:20 p.m. (NBC*)
Del Mar Derby, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds, Del Mar, Calif.
- Horse Show**
Fairfield County jr. hunt show, Westport, Conn. (also Aug. 28).
- Motorboating**
Silver Cup (unlimited hydroplanes), Detroit.
- Motorcycling**
ANA-sanctioned 5-m. dirt track championship, Milwaukee.
- Swimming**
North America 6-meter championships, Bellingham, Wash. (until Sept. 2)
- Tennis**
USLTA girls' championship finals, Philadelphia.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 28

- Auto Racing**
Natl. Hot Rod Assn. regional eliminations, Elizabeth City, N.C.
AAA 250-m. nat'l. championship race, Milwaukee
- Baseball**
● Brooklyn vs. St. Louis, Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, 2 p.m. (Mutual*)
- Canoe Racing**
New England 1,000-meter open championships, Helyoke, Mass.
- Football**
● San Francisco 49ers vs. Cleveland Browns (exhibition), San Francisco, 2 p.m. P.D.T. (ABC*)
Los Angeles Rams vs. New York Giants (exhibition), Portland, Ore., 8 p.m. P.S.T.
Detroit Lions vs. Chicago Cardinals (exhibition), St. Louis, 8:30 p.m. C.D.T.

Golf

Montreal open tournament final round, Montreal.

Motorboating

APBA stock outboard championships, Devil's Lake, Ore.

Swimming

World Snipe class championships, Santander, Spain.

Shooting

Natl. skeet championships, Pontiac, Mich. (until Sept. 4).

MONDAY, AUGUST 29

Baseball

● New York vs. Chicago, Polo Grounds, N.Y., 1:25 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

● Gene Paivier vs. Chas Christensen, welterweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (De Moot).

Horse Racing

Aqueduct Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Aqueduct, N.Y.

Horse Show

Tennessee Walking Horse nat'l. celebration, Shelbyville, Tenn. (until Sept. 3).

Swimming

Seers Gap Cup North American championships, Boothbay Harbor, Me. (until Sept. 1).

TUESDAY, AUGUST 30

Baseball

Ammon Legion jr. world series, St. Paul, Minn. (until Sept. 5).

Football

Baltimore Colts vs. Washington Redskins (exhibition), Baltimore, 8:35 p.m.

Swimming

Natl. Lightning championships, New Orleans (until Sept. 2).

Adams Trophy series (Women's nat'l. championships), Rye, N.Y.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31

Baseball

● Chicago vs. Boston, Comiskey Park, Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

● Ezzard Charles vs. Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson, heavyweights, Cleveland (8 rds.), (ABC TV—10 p.m., radio—10:15 p.m.)

Horse Racing

Aqueduct Farm Stake, \$30,000, 1 m., 2-yr.-old fillies, Du Quoin, Ill.

Motorboating

Nat'l. Stake, \$38,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-old fillies, Du Quoin, Ill.

Motorcycling

Nat'l. Stake, \$15,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-old fillies, Du Quoin, Ill.

Horse Racing

● \$100,000 match race, Swaps vs. Nashua, 1 1/4 m., Washington Park, Homewood, Ill. (CBS TV—5 p.m. C.D.T., radio—5:15 p.m. C.D.T.)

Beverly Handicap, \$25,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-olds up, 1 & m. Washington Park, Homewood, Ill.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1

Baseball

● Brooklyn vs. Milwaukee, Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, 1:25 p.m. (Mutual*)

Golf

Insurance City open invitational, Wethersfield, Conn. (until Sept. 4)

Women's open tournament, St. Louis (until Sept. 4)

Horse Racing

Yonkers Futurity, \$74,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-old fillies, Yonkers, N.Y.

McMahon Memorial Stake, \$30,000, 1 m., 2-yr.-old fillies, Du Quoin, Ill.

Shooting

Natl. bench rest championships, Johnstown, N.Y. (until Sept. 4)

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2

Baseball

● Chicago vs. St. Louis, Wrigley Field, Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

Bobby Bell vs. Carvelo Costa, lightweights, Madison Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.)

Football

Los Angeles Rams vs. Cleveland Browns (exhibition), Los Angeles, 8:30 p.m. P.D.T.

Detroit Lions vs. Pittsburgh Steelers (exhibition), Miami, 8 p.m. E.S.T.

Horse Racing

Iowa State Fair, Des Moines, Ia. (until Sept. 5).

Softball

Natl. women's championships, Portland, Ore. (until Sept. 5).

Tennis

USLTA nat'l. singles & mixed doubles championships, Forest Hills, N.Y. (until Sept. 11)

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3

Auto Racing

Santa Barbara sports car road race, Santa Barbara, Calif. (also Sept. 4)

Baseball

● Cleveland vs. Chicago, Municipal Stadium, Cleveland, 1:55 p.m. (CBS*)

● New York vs. Washington, Yankee Stadium, N.Y., 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*)

Football

Washington Redskins vs. Chicago Bears (exhibition), Memphis, Tenn., 8 p.m. E.S.T.

Philadelphia Eagles vs. Green Bay Packers (exhibition), Charleston, W. Va., 8:55 p.m.

Horse Racing

● Washington Park Futurity, \$75,000, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, Washington Park, Homewood, Ill. (CBS TV—6 p.m., radio—6:15 p.m.)

Vagrancy Handicap, \$25,000, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds up, 1 & m. Aqueduct, N.Y.

Buckeye Handicap, \$40,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Randall Park, Cleveland

Ventnor Turf Stakes, \$25,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-olds, Atlantic City, N.J.

Motorboating

AAU championships, Little Rock, Ark. (also Sept. 4)

Motorcycling

ANA-sanctioned 100-m. championship speedway race, Longhorne, Pa. (also Sept. 4)

ANA-sanctioned 7-m. dirt track championship, St. Paul, Minn.

Softball

Slow pitch tournament, Pittsburgh (until Sept. 5).

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 4

Auto Racing

Natl. Hot Rod Assn. regional eliminations, Lake City, Fla. (also Sept. 5)

Baseball

● New York vs. Washington, Yankee Stadium, N.Y., 2 p.m. (Mutual*)

Football

● San Francisco 49ers vs. Chicago Cardinals (exhibition), San Francisco, 2 p.m. P.D.T. (ABC*)

Golf

Natl. open tournament, Oakbrook PC, Hinsdale, Ill. (until Sept. 11).

*See local listing

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

10, 11—drawings by Alvy 17—Wade Wolfe 18—J.P. Richard 19—J.P. Richard 20—George 21—George 22—George 23—George 24—George 25—George 26—George 27—George 28—George 29—George 30—George 31—George 32—George 33—George 34—George 35—George 36—George 37—George 38—George 39—George 40—George 41—George 42—George 43—George 44—George 45—George 46—George 47—George 48—George 49—George 50—George 51—George 52—George 53—George 54—George 55—George 56—George 57—George 58—George 59—George 60—George 61—George 62—George 63—George 64—George 65—George 66—George 67—George 68—George 69—George 70—George 71—George 72—George 73—George 74—George 75—George 76—George 77—George 78—George 79—George 80—George 81—George 82—George 83—George 84—George 85—George 86—George 87—George 88—George 89—George 90—George 91—George 92—George 93—George 94—George 95—George 96—George 97—George 98—George 99—George 100—George 101—George 102—George 103—George 104—George 105—George 106—George 107—George 108—George 109—George 110—George 111—George 112—George 113—George 114—George 115—George 116—George 117—George 118—George 119—George 120—George 121—George 122—George 123—George 124—George 125—George 126—George 127—George 128—George 129—George 130—George 131—George 132—George 133—George 134—George 135—George 136—George 137—George 138—George 139—George 140—George 141—George 142—George 143—George 144—George 145—George 146—George 147—George 148—George 149—George 150—George 151—George 152—George 153—George 154—George 155—George 156—George 157—George 158—George 159—George 160—George 161—George 162—George 163—George 164—George 165—George 166—George 167—George 168—George 169—George 170—George 171—George 172—George 173—George 174—George 175—George 176—George 177—George 178—George 179—George 180—George 181—George 182—George 183—George 184—George 185—George 186—George 187—George 188—George 189—George 190—George 191—George 192—George 193—George 194—George 195—George 196—George 197—George 198—George 199—George 200—George 201—George 202—George 203—George 204—George 205—George 206—George 207—George 208—George 209—George 210—George 211—George 212—George 213—George 214—George 215—George 216—George 217—George 218—George 219—George 220—George 221—George 222—George 223—George 224—George 225—George 226—George 227—George 228—George 229—George 230—George 231—George 232—George 233—George 234—George 235—George 236—George 237—George 238—George 239—George 240—George 241—George 242—George 243—George 244—George 245—George 246—George 247—George 248—George 249—George 250—George 251—George 252—George 253—George 254—George 255—George 256—George 257—George 258—George 259—George 260—George 261—George 262—George 263—George 264—George 265—George 266—George 267—George 268—George 269—George 270—George 271—George 272—George 273—George 274—George 275—George 276—George 277—George 278—George 279—George 280—George 281—George 282—George 283—George 284—George 285—George 286—George 287—George 288—George 289—George 290—George 291—George 292—George 293—George 294—George 295—George 296—George 297—George 298—George 299—George 300—George 301—George 302—George 303—George 304—George 305—George 306—George 307—George 308—George 309—George 310—George 311—George 312—George 313—George 314—George 315—George 316—George 317—George 318—George 319—George 320—George 321—George 322—George 323—George 324—George 325—George 326—George 327—George 328—George 329—George 330—George 331—George 332—George 333—George 334—George 335—George 336—George 337—George 338—George 339—George 340—George 341—George 342—George 343—George 344—George 345—George 346—George 347—George 348—George 349—George 350—George 351—George 352—George 353—George 354—George 355—George 356—George 357—George 358—George 359—George 360—George 361—George 362—George 363—George 364—George 365—George 366—George 367—George 368—George 369—George 370—George 371—George 372—George 373—George 374—George 375—George 376—George 377—George 378—George 379—George 380—George 381—George 382—George 383—George 384—George 385—George 386—George 387—George 388—George 389—George 390—George 391—George 392—George 393—George 394—George 395—George 396—George 397—George 398—George 399—George 400—George 401—George 402—George 403—George 404—George 405—George 406—George 407—George 408—George 409—George 410—George 411—George 412—George 413—George 414—George 415—George 416—George 417—George 418—George 419—George 420—George 421—George 422—George 423—George 424—George 425—George 426—George 427—George 428—George 429—George 430—George 431—George 432—George 433—George 434—George 435—George 436—George 437—George 438—George 439—George 440—George 441—George 442—George 443—George 444—George 445—George 446—George 447—George 448—George 449—George 450—George 451—George 452—George 453—George 454—George 455—George 456—George 457—George 458—George 459—George 460—George 461—George 462—George 463—George 464—George 465—George 466—George 467—George 468—George 469—George 470—George 471—George 472—George 473—George 474—George 475—George 476—George 477—George 478—George 479—George 480—George 481—George 482—George 483—George 484—George 485—George 486—George 487—George 488—George 489—George 490—George 491—George 492—George 493—George 494—George 495—George 496—George 497—George 498—George 499—George 500—George 501—George 502—George 503—George 504—George 505—George 506—George 507—George 508—George 509—George 510—George 511—George 512—George 513—George 514—George 515—George 516—George 517—George 518—George 519—George 520—George 521—George 522—George 523—George 524—George 525—George 526—George 527—George 528—George 529—George 530—George 531—George 532—George 533—George 534—George 535—George 536—George 537—George 538—George 539—George 540—George 541—George 542—George 543—George 544—George 545—George 546—George 547—George 548—George 549—George 550—George 551—George 552—George 553—George 554—George 555—George 556—George 557—George 558—George 559—George 560—George 561—George 562—George 563—George 564—George 565—George 566—George 567—George 568—George 569—George 570—George 571—George 572—George 573—George 574—George 575—George 576—George 577—George 578—George 579—George 580—George 581—George 582—George 583—George 584—George 585—George 586—George 587—George 588—George 589—George 590—George 591—George 592—George 593—George 594—George 595—George 596—George 597—George 598—George 599—George 600—George 601—George 602—George 603—George 604—George 605—George 606—George 607—George 608—George 609—George 610—George 611—George 612—George 613—George 614—George 615—George 616—George 617—George 618—George 619—George 620—George 621—George 622—George 623—George 624—George 625—George 626—George 627—George 628—George 629—George 630—George 631—George 632—George 633—George 634—George 635—George 636—George 637—George 638—George 639—George 640—George 641—George 642—George 643—George 644—George 645—George 646—George 647—George 648—George 649—George 650—George 651—George 652—George 653—George 654—George 655—George 656—George 657—George 658—George 659—George 660—George 661—George 662—George 663—George 664—George 665—George 666—George 667—George 668—George 669—George 670—George 671—George 672—George 673—George 674—George 675—George 676—George 677—George 678—George 679—George 680—George 681—George 682—George 683—George 684—George 685—George 686—George 687—George 688—George 689—George 690—George 691—George 692—George 693—George 694—George 695—George 696—George 697—George 698—George 699—George 700—George 701—George 702—George 703—George 704—George 705—George 706—George 707—George 708—George 709—George 710—George 711—George 712—George 713—George 714—George 715—George 716—George 717—George 718—George 719—George 720—George 721—George 722—George 723—George 724—George 725—George 726—George 727—George 728—George 729—George 730—George 731—George 732—George 733—George 734—George 735—George 736—George 737—George 738—George 739—George 740—George 741—George 742—George 743—George 744—George 745—George 746—George 747—George 748—George 749—George 750—George 751—George 752—George 753—George 754—George 755—George 756—George 757—George 758—George 759—George 760—George 761—George 762—George 763—George 764—George 765—George 766—George 767—George 768—George 769—George 770—George 771—George 772—George 773—George 774—George 775—George 776—George 777—George 778—George 779—George 780—George 781—George 782—George 783—George 784—George 785—George 786—George 787—George 788—George 789—George 790—George 791—George 792—George 793—George 794—George 795—George 796—George 797—George 798—George 799—George 800—George 801—George 802—George 803—George 804—George 805—George 806—George 807—George 808—George 809—George 810—George 811—George 812—George 813—George 814—George 815—George 816—George 817—George 818—George 819—George 820—George 821—George 822—George 823—George 824—George 825—George 826—George 827—George 828—George 829—George 830—George 831—George 832—George 833—George 834—George 835—George 836—George 837—George 838—George 839—George 840—George 841—George 842—George 843—George 844—George 845—George 846—George 847—George 848—George 849—George 850—George 851—George 852—George 853—George 854—George 855—George 856—George 857—George 858—George 859—George 860—George 861—George 862—George 863—George 864—George 865—George 866—George 867—George 868—George 869—George 870—George 871—George 872—George 873—George 874—George 875—George 876—George 877—George 878—George 879—George 880—George 881—George 882—George 883—George 884—George 885—George 886—George 887—George 888—George 889—George 890—George 891—George 892—George 893—George 894—George 895—George 896—George 897—George 898—George 899—George 900—George 901—George 902—George 903—George 904—George 905—George 906—George 907—George 908—George 909—George 910—George 911—George 912—George 913—George 914—George 915—George 916—George 917—George 918—George 919—George 920—George 921—George 922—George 923—George 924—George 925—George 926—George 927—George 928—George 929—George 930—George 931—George 932—George 933—George 934—George 935—George 936—George 937—George 938—George 939—George 940—George 941—George 942—George 943—George 944—George 945—George 946—George 947—George 948—George 949—George 950—George 951—George 952—George 953—George 954—George 955—George 956—George 957—George 958—George 959—George 960—George 961—George 962—George 963—George 964—George 965—George 966—George 967—George 968—George 969—George 970—George 971—George 972—George 973—George 974—George 975—George 976—George 977—George 978—George 979—George 980—George 981—George 982—George 983—George 984—George 985—George 986—George 987—



Ale

A great Irish name...

GUINNESS

ALE - BEER

*

Now available in the United States, these two brews bearing the name "Guinness," famous for nearly two centuries, are completely different from any you've ever sampled.

Guinness Brite Ale, like the finest English and Irish ales, is 100 percent true ale—not a mere blending of beer and ale. Its fresh bouquet and clean, clear ale flavor are created with Guinness yeast from Dublin and the best ingredients.

Guinness Brite Lager Beer has the distinctive character of the best imports. Its exceptional smoothness and fine, delicate flavor come from the exclusive use of imported hops and a centuries-old yeast strain.

Every step in the brewing of these two outstanding products is carefully controlled by Guinness brewing experts. Guinness Ale and Beer are brewed in the U.S.A. by the Goebel Brewing Co., Detroit and Muskegon, Mich.; Oakland, Calif.

*For six of these hand-blown 9 oz. Guinness glasses, send \$5.00 to Guinness Glass, P. O. Box 5323, M. J. Shonke, Detroit 11, Mich.



Beer

The greatest name in brewing... **GUINNESS** ALE - BEER

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

BY THE EDITORIAL STAFF OF **LIFE** AND LINCOLN BARNETT



From one of the most acclaimed and widely-read series of articles ever to appear in the magazine, *LIFE* has now prepared an extraordinary 318-page volume made up almost entirely of full-color illustrations—an exciting and eloquent account of how the earth, the life upon it and the atmosphere around it came to be. Last spring when *LIFE* announced that "The World We Live In" would be published in book form, advance reservations were accepted at a special pre-publication price. Already more than a quarter of a million have come in.

Final Offer

Very shortly this beautiful volume will be available in bookstores for \$13.50. If you missed the original offer, or wish to reserve additional copies—wonderful gifts for young people—this is your last opportunity before publication to order **THE WORLD WE LIVE IN** for only \$9.95—\$3.55 under the bookstore price. Printed below is the reservation certificate allowing you this \$3.55 saving.



LIFE 349 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS
Please reserve in my name a copy of *LIFE's* "THE WORLD WE LIVE IN"
☐ **READER'S LIBRARY EDITION**
Only \$9.95 on the special pre-publication offer. Retail price, \$13.50.
☐ **DELUXE PRESENTATION EDITION**
Dispectively bound and boxed in a slip case—only \$1.00 extra.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZIP _____

STATE _____

This offer is good only in the U. S., Canada and U. S. Possessions.

6499



"THE WORLD'S GREATEST PLEASURE HORSE"

Product of the gentle South and famed for its "rocking chair" ride, the Tennessee Walking Horse is becoming one of the nation's favorite pleasure mounts, especially for amateur riders

by REGINALD WELLS

THE BIGGEST Tennessee Walking Horse Celebration ever—with some 700 horses entered—takes place this week (Aug. 29-Sept. 3) at Shelbyville, Tenn. the heart of the Walking Horse country and world. Thousands of Walking Horse owners, breeders and exhibitors have jam-packed every hotel and rooming house for a 50-mile radius, and for the next week they will think, talk, sleep and buy nothing else. For to those who own and love Tennessee Walking Horses the annual Celebration is an institution, which although only 16 years old is as traditional as the breed itself.

The Walking Horse breed originated in middle Tennessee over 100 years ago as a result of farmers trying to produce a multipurpose animal—one which was strong enough to pull the plow, docile enough for the kids to ride to school and yet smart enough to hitch up to the buggy on Sundays.

By crossbreeding the Thoroughbred with the sturdy stock of saddle horses brought across the mountains by Virginians in early pioneer days and adding characteristics of the pacer and the Morgan, farmers produced an animal which combined sufficient qualities from each to mark it as a distinct and individual breed. Short in the back with a deep body and a long, graceful neck in the perfect specimen, its most distinctive quality was a running gait peculiar to that breed only. This gait—a diagonally opposed foot movement—started with an ordinary flat-footed walk but as the speed increased the hind feet overstepped the front hooves by many inches. This unusually long stride by the hind legs coupled with the short stepping front action gave a "gliding" sensation to the rider which was immediately sought after by plantation overseers and farmers who had to spend long days in the saddle.

The horse could go in a relaxed and steady manner over soft ground not only at the flat-footed walk and running walk, but also at the canter. Even at this gait the Walking Horse offered unusual smoothness in the saddle, having such a rolling, non-jarring motion that its canter came to be called the "rocking chair ride."

Before long Plantation Walkers, as they had come to be called, were eagerly sought after throughout the whole South.

In the years that followed the Civil War, Walkers earned a reputation as easy-riding mounts, which has since culminated in their being called "World's Greatest Pleasure Horse." It wasn't until many years later, however, that any organization of the breed took place. Then, in 1935, several prominent owners of Walkers banded together to protect the horse's bloodline and formed the Tennessee Walking Horse Breeders' Association. Even so, the U.S. Government did not officially recognize Walking Horses as a separate and distinct breed of light horse until 1949.

Today, there are some 40,000 registered Walking Horses—plus three times that number unregistered. Because they are easy to ride and do not require the equestrian skill demanded by other breeds, Walkers have become very popular as mounts for children and older people and have secured for themselves a permanent place on the American saddle horse scene.

Every year since 1939 the National Celebration at Shelbyville has provided the climax to the Walker year when it crowns the "World's Grand Champion Walking Horse."

Unfortunately, because of a rift which split the Walking Horse ranks wide open, there are currently two horses which claim the title "World's Grand Champion Walking Horse." One is last year's Celebration winner, White Star. The other is a gelding named Sun's Big Shot which—because the Tennessee Walking Horse Breeders' Association does not endorse the Celebration any more and crowns its own world champion at its own sponsored show a month later—is officially and sonorously titled "The Only Tennessee Walking Horse Breeders' Association of America-recognized World's Champion."

For three years now the Breeders' Association has been unable to see eye to eye with the way non-horse-owning professional promoters have run the Celebration. But confusing as it may be to have two world's champions in the same sport, the Walking Horse fraternity has come to accept the oddity as just another part of its split personality.

Before the mid-40s all was tranquil, and the Breeders' Association happily endorsed the Celebration, even putting up \$7,500 of the prize money. But differences between

continued on next page

WALKING HORSES

continued from page 57

the groups began soon after a magnificent stallion called Midnight Sun (see color page) skyrocketed to the top in the Walking Horse show world. Owned by Hartinsdale Farms, Franklin, Tenn., this horse was so phenomenal that he virtually eliminated competition and crowned his show career by winning the world championship twice, in 1945 and 1946. Retired to stud, Midnight Sun, by now acclaimed the greatest Walking Horse in history, was developed into an even more successful business operation. By artificial insemination he was able to service at least 10 mares each time he stood at stud. At a fee of \$100 for each mare serviced, Midnight Sun, it is claimed, was annually earning between \$75,000 and \$100,000 for owners Wirt and Alex Harlin.

The result of Midnight Sun's widespread mass breeding was to give him a monopoly on the whole Walking Horse breeding business. While this virtually killed off the breeding chances of many other good stallions, its most dangerous aspect was that little else but Midnight Sun colts were being foaled. These were becoming automatic winners in the show ring—particularly automatic, claimed the Breeders' Association, at the Celebration—and when Midnight Merry, a horse which was not thought too highly of by many experts, won the world's championship title in 1949 it proved to be the straw that broke the Breeders' Association's back.

Firmly believing that many of the Celebration judges were favoring Midnight Sun horses, the Association asked for a voice in selecting the Celebration judges. But the two groups were never able to get together on a system of selecting judges which was acceptable to both, and in 1952 the Breeders' Association withdrew its endorsement of the Celebration, plus the \$7,500, and announced it would stage its own

show and choose its own world's champion. Then the Association broke Midnight Sun's monopoly by outlawing artificial insemination at its next meeting. This was only achieved when John H. Amos, a coal mine owner and member of the judge's committee, brought to the meeting 86 of his coal miners with full paid memberships—and, of course, the right to vote.

Although no longer able to breed by artificial insemination, Midnight Sun continued to stand at stud, but his fee jumped from \$100 to \$200.

In spite of the lack of endorsement from the Breeders' Association the Celebration went on to bigger and better shows. Whatever the whispered suspicions, gossip and jealousies that surround its success, it remains a fact that in the minds of Walking Horse enthusiasts there is but one grand world Celebration for their breed and Shelbyville is it. The majority of Walker fans are content to have their cake and eat it too—by endorsing the Breeders' Association's policies, but attending the Celebration too. Even six of the nine members of the Breeders' Association executive committee have horses entered in this year's Celebration.

Since breaking away from the Celebration, the Breeders' Association, under the fearless leadership of its President S. H. (Wacky) Arnold of racing-car fame, has steadfastly gone about its business of fostering and furthering an even greater future for the Walking Horse. Mostly men of adequate means, they are sincerely dedicated to the preservation of the breed from any and all injurious exploitation and monopoly. Fortunately, the sport of showing and owning Walkers is far bigger than the differences existing among its supporters.

Though the slick American Saddle Horse set tends to regard Walkers with the same intolerance a ballerina choosing dancing shoes might have for a pair of well-worn sneakers, there is no get-



THE ROCKING CHAIR RIDE AT THE CANTER

ting away from the fact that for honest-to-goodness pleasure and comfort, there is nothing finer. A sound, well-trained Walker, good enough as a children's pet or for old people, can be bought for \$100 up, but good show stock can begin in the thousands.

While most owners of Walkers are people of moderate income, there are celebrities aplenty among them. Gene Autry's famous horse, Champion Jr., is a Walker, and many other prominent people have owned them including Paul Whiteman, Arthur Godfrey and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

More and more, as American life pushes outward toward suburbs and country living, the pleasure horse is returning as an unequalled form of recreation and exercise. With its characteristic bobbing head, high-stepping front action and long, deep-striding hind legs, the Tennessee Walking Horse is being seen on trails across the nation, far from its native Tennessee—but still as southern as hush-puppies, catfish and black-eyed peas. (END)



LIGHTS ATTACHED TO RIDER'S HAT AND HORSE'S BRIDLE AND BACK SHOW HORSE'S GLIDING RIDE WITH BOBBING HEAD

CONVERSATION PIECE

continued from page 31

Trabert, born Marion Anthony just 25 years ago, sat slumped in a hard-backed office chair and looked not unlike a successful junior executive in his neatly pressed brown-plaid suit. His blue eyes leveled on a spot across the room in the manner in which they habitually take dead aim at a few square feet of tennis court before he unleashes a blazing first service. As he warmed to his subject, Trabert spoke quickly with the confident air of authority and conviction that has moved some critics to accuse him of arrogance.

"I worked hard to become a champion, and it's something I'm proud of," Trabert said. "Like others who've reached the top I've had to experience a lot of things—obligations, responsibilities, disappointments, hard work, joy, time consumed, radio and television shows, clinics and speeches. I know it's the sort of life I have to accept, but at times you sort of feel like getting away and relaxing—and not worrying about pleasing everyone. Oh, just to get out of the goldfish bowl for a change.

"This shoulder trouble I had a few weeks ago. Actually it may have been a blessing in disguise because it was a warning that I was working pretty hard and that my muscles needed a rest. I'd been playing tennis almost steadily all year, and to have a minor injury is about the only way I can get a rest."

Trabert sat down again and threw his feet onto the desk. "People always want to know," he said, "how I got started in tennis and how I got so good at it. Well, I'll never know quite why I picked tennis over the other sports, but I do know that once I got to play and had a little success, I got hungry and wanted more success. That's what sort of pushes you up the ladder.

"Back home in Cincinnati our house in Bond Hill was near the playground. My Dad, a sales engineer with General Electric, was always sports-minded, and I guess from the beginning my two older brothers and I always liked playing all the sports with the rest of the kids on the block. Sometimes I used to go to the playground courts. The best tennis players in Cincinnati were playing there. It created a lot of interest, and when there's a lot of interest it sort of attracts you, and so I tried to play. Naturally I wasn't very good, but there was something fascinating about it—just what it is I don't think I can answer to this day.

"I was only 6 at the time, but there were people up there like Will Wellage, Andy Hittle, Bud Voorhes and Thelma and Harry Miller—all of them much older than I was—who helped me. I'd ball boy for them, run after soft drinks, and in return one of them would stick around a while, maybe only five minutes, to hit some balls with me.

"I didn't know until much later that tennis would be my sport. I loved baseball and was catching on Dan Teehan's Knokhole team. I often wonder how good I would have been had I followed a baseball career. I started as a shortstop, but I was short and fat and Dan decided I was a natural catcher. I didn't hit a long ball but was consistent.

"When I was 10 I played my first tournament at the Corryville courts and lost 6-0, 6-1 in the first round to the local Boys champion, Don White. But my Dad arranged about this time for me to get some lessons from a couple of pros. Earl Bosson, the pro at the Camargo Club, had given me a racket for my ninth birthday, and Howard Zach, the pro at the Cincinnati Tennis Club, started working on me at the age of 10. Both of them taught me the basic fundamentals of tennis: good ground strokes, how to

volley, how to serve. And I think that as I grew up I learned to play the game as it should be played instead of being weak in certain aspects through not having learned how to play correctly as a kid."

The young champion pushed his chair away from the desk and tried to treat it like a sofa. His feet stretched way out in a straight line. Both arms went back behind his head, and the only motion as he launched into conversation was the occasional stroke of the right hand through his sandy hair. "I guess tennis is like most sports," Trabert said, "in that you have to learn the fundamentals and stick to hard practice and be willing to make sacrifices. There's mental preparation, too, although I know it's hard to tell a 10-year-old kid to start working on psychology. But you've got to realize that you're going to be faced with a lot of disappointments, and if suddenly some victories come your way you have to learn to be humble—because the other person has lost, and he feels bad enough. My family—and my Dad in particular—have never stopped stressing good manners and courtesy. One of the first things my Dad told me about tournament tennis was that I should show up promptly on time. Likewise, I got to feel that the line smen, the umpires, the ball boys all play a big part in the running of a successful tournament, so I always like to shake hands with the umpire, win or lose, and thank him for the job he's done. It's a very small thing, but I think it means a lot.

"My Dad and Bill Talbert have probably helped me more than anybody else. Bill's from Cincinnati, too. He's older than I am, and I guess I was about 11 when I first got to know him. I remember the first thing he showed me was how to volley. Another fellow, Gordon Naugle, and I didn't know how to volley very well, and Bill showed us how to stand up there at the net and reach out and punch for the shot. When he saw I was interested in the game and willing to work at it, he started helping me.

continued on next page



TRIUMPHANT COUPLE. Trabert and fiancée Shauna Wood, former Miss Utah, with U.S. singles title cup Trabert won in 1958.



AT 16, TRABERT (CENTER) WAS FRAIL STAR AT WALNUT HILLS

TRABERT DEVELOPED RAPIDLY FROM GAWKY YOUTH TO 17-YEAR-OLD SCHOOL CHAMP

CONVERSATION PIECE

continued from page 59

"He hasn't stopped yet. Bill took me on my first European trip in 1950 and we won every doubles match we played in. Later, when they were picking a Davis Cup doubles team, I guess we were a little bitter about being forced to split up, because we both really believed we were the best team over here. They put me with Vic Seixas, and I was quoted as saying I didn't want to play with Vic. Well, what I really said was that Vic—at that point—wasn't a sound orthodox doubles player. In the first place, his strokes aren't orthodox, and in the second place he adapted his strokes to doubles in a different way. When we started playing together my big task was to get to know what Vic was going to do—so I wouldn't have to guess. I suppose we've made out all right since, and we've won most every title around except the Wimbledon doubles, and last year we beat both the good Australian teams."

At Cincinnati's Walnut Hills High School, Trabert won the Ohio State scholastic singles title for three straight years. "I missed both the National Boys and Junior championship titles," he said, "but I was learning a lot. Gil Bogley beat me in the Juniors, but he taught me some thing valuable: play your own game. He didn't have particularly good strokes, but he beat me by 'outflanking' me with a lot of soft balls until I started hitting them softer and softer myself. He beat me at his game rather than me playing my own game."

"In high school my Dad said to me one night, 'If you're going to play all sports you'll never be very good at just one.' I decided then I'd better concentrate on tennis, but I later found that basketball, which I played at Walnut Hills and at the University of Cincinnati, was pretty good at keeping you in shape. It's good for endurance, strengthening the legs and for quick action in changing directions. I made the varsity at college after starting as last man on the squad and working up. Our team one season led the nation in major college scoring and we went to the NIT in Madison Square Garden."

"We'd been averaging about 40% of our shots most of the season, but that night we only got about 20% and we

lost in double overtime to St. Bonaventure in the first round. We all felt it was our worst game all season."

"I never scored much and the coach used to get mad at me sometimes because I only took seven or eight shots a game. But being a guard I was essentially a playmaker and a pretty good floor man defensively. If somebody accused me of being put on the basketball team because I'd already made a name for myself in sports—and because I might be a drawing power—I used to get mad. I never have bragged or held anything I've done over anyone's head, and I think I simply earned the spot on the team because I've always been a team man. Besides, the greatest drawing power you have is a winning team. Probably that's what drew me to basketball at Cincinnati. If I can be a member of a winning team, I think that's great. But I expect to earn my position. I'll play as hard as any man on the team and I wouldn't feel right accepting favors. But that's beside the point anyway with Cincinnati. If I couldn't have done the job, they weren't going to leave me in there for long, that's for sure."

"Guys often ask me about my disappointments. What athlete doesn't have disappointments and even feel like quitting his sport for good? Sure, I've felt pretty bad at times, but I guess I only once felt like giving the whole thing up. On my 18th birthday, August 16, 1948, I played my first match on grass. It was at Newport, R.I. I went up there a day early in order to hit a few, because I had never seen a grass court and the bounce was different, and the type of shots that were effective on grass were different from those that were effective on clay. My opponent was Chauncey Steele, a fellow from Cambridge, Mass., who was a pretty fair tennis player with a lot of experience on grass. Steele beat me. His strokes didn't look good to me and I just couldn't understand why I couldn't beat him. I was so disgusted and discouraged when it was over that I felt I would never be able to play on grass. I came very close to packing my bags and going home. But then I sort of thought it over and felt, 'Well, don't be so stupid. Give yourself a little more chance and don't give up.' Today I consider a good grass court the best surface for me. I think, also, that a good grass court is a truer test of tennis because the person who can do more things on grass is going to be the winning tennis player. The game, of course, is quite

different. On grass if a ball is hit hard it will slide and stay very low, whereas on clay when you hit a ball hard it hits the ground and sort of grabs hold and bounces more slowly and higher up in the air. The game on grass is faster and I like it better.

"One of the things every kid expects to go through nowadays is a hitch in the service. Well, I'd had a good year in 1951, and after winning seven straight tournaments I carried Frank Sedgman to five sets in the Nationals at Forest Hills. I was in the upper third of my class at UC (a B student majoring in political science), and although I had no objections to serving when my time came, I was a little bitter when a few 'poison-pen letters' written to my draft board literally forced me to enlist. I played only three months of that year, and yet some people acted as though I had given up everything else in the world to play tennis."

Trabert was in the Navy nearly two years and he doesn't particularly relish reliving the old days. "Most of my Navy time," he said, "was spent on the aircraft carrier *Coral Sea*. I wasn't very happy as a seaman apprentice in a deck division, because most of the fellows aboard ship just wanted to read funny books. It was upsetting to me not to find anyone who could even carry on an intelligent conversation. Later I got into the quartermaster division and it was more interesting working on navigation."

"I took a 30-day furlough during the winter of 1952 and went on my second trip to Australia with the Davis Cup team. I learned the hard way the importance of being in good condition. I didn't have much time to get in shape and passed out after my match with Ken McGregor. A lot of the success I've had this year comes from having learned how to handle my training sensibly. I think 185 pounds is my best playing weight, and if I'm not playing I stay close to that doing roadwork, jumping rope and calisthenics."

"In the tournaments leading to Forest Hills in 1953 I didn't care so much about winning as I did in perfecting every phase of the game. Then, when I won—just like this summer at Wimbledon—people asked me what I considered the best part of my game. Ted Williams in your magazine said confidence can sometimes be detrimental. I agree with him. I seldom go on the tennis court in a big match feeling completely positive that I'm going to win. On the

other hand, I have confidence in my own ability. I have confidence knowing that I'm in good shape. I know that I am capable of playing the game well, and I have confidence that I can produce under pressure in the clutch. I've always strived and attempted to make every phase of my game the same. Don't you see, if I don't think in my own mind that I have a real weakness, then I don't feel that anyone I play can discover a weakness and beat me by capitalizing on it."

"So I never have—or never would—admit to a weakness, because I don't think I have a particular weakness, and I don't care what phase of my game my opponent cares to attack. In short, I think I can play equally well with any shot."

"This, you must understand, is a sort of constructive confidence. It's not overconfidence or bragging. I know my capabilities and my limitations. I certainly know that because I'm reasonably big I can't be as quick as some of the smaller fellows who run around the court and get a lot of balls back defensively. So, quite simply, my game is that I make up in power what I lack in speed."

"Blisters on my hand gave me a rough time in 1954. Blisters and other things. The Nationals was the one big tournament I had won in 1953 and because of it I got a lot of publicity. In the eyes and minds of the people I was expected to be unbeatable. I wasn't up to it, and knew I wouldn't be until I gave up college to achieve my next goal: to be the best tennis player in the world."

"At Wimbledon I blistered my hand and also my feet while taking a five-set match from Sven Davidson. Without making excuses I think it's safe to say that I was handicapped. In trying to compensate and avoid pain, I changed my grip on the racket, and consequently my strokes didn't get the same result. I lost to Rosewall in five sets in the semifinals. I didn't play too well for the rest of the summer, including the match in which Rex Hartwig beat me in the quarterfinals of our own Nationals at Forest Hills."

Picking up a tennis magazine, Trabert thumbed through it quickly, then stopped at a picture of himself with his wife. "I met her in June of 1953 while playing the National Hard Court Championships in Salt Lake City," he said. "Her name was Shanna Wood and she had just graduated from the University of Utah and had been named Miss

continued on next page



'51: GUARD, CINCINNATI U. TEAM



'46: ASPIRING AMATEUR



'53: ADMIRING FIANCE AND FUTURE MRS. TRABERT

CONVERSATION PIECE

continued from page 61

Utah. I took her out one night and fell in love with her. I hoped—but wasn't sure—that the feeling was mutual. We got engaged later that summer and were married in October. Although she's not very good at tennis, she does enjoy it. It was difficult, too, when she was first drawn into this thing because she didn't understand what we were all talking about. But now she doesn't get hurt when we can't go out late, although I guess there was a problem about that at first.

"Over your lifetime there's no big money in professional tennis. I don't want to end up as a teaching pro at a club. It's hard work and the compensations aren't that great actually. Of course the top amateur, the guy who has established himself in the eyes of the people, can make a big hunk on his first tour. He figures to do pretty well for as long as he's on top.

"But there's a question in my mind about turning pro—not that I've had any offers yet. You see, I want to work, have a solid sense of security, make some money and become a family man. Well, I already have a good job, starting this fall as the West Coast representative of the Security Banknote Company. I'll live in Los Angeles but there'll be no limit to my territory and I'll be able to do business wherever I go. If I turned pro I might be able to put \$60,000 or \$70,000 in the bank, but then I might be out of luck in a couple of years. I've been thinking it might be better to remain amateur, pick my tournaments and carry on my business with the knowledge that in 10 years time I'll be better off from every angle than if I faded out of the picture after a couple of years on the pro tour."

A visitor entered the room for a moment and fired a direct question: "What about this Australian team? Has it improved in the last couple of years?"

"Possibly Rosewall has improved a little bit, but Hoad has been fairly disappointing. I think it stems from the fact that they were exceptional as young kids. Everybody thought they were sort of cute—sort of phenomenal. They had no reason to get choked up in a match because they weren't often expected to win. When they did win, it was great. But after they had won a few tournaments—and were expected to win more often—they suddenly felt the pressure that the other big players had felt all along. They haven't been able to carry this pressure too well.

"When you get right down to it, what have the Australians won? Look at the whole tennis circuit record and you'll see that outside of Rosewall in the Australian Nationals, their guys haven't won many singles championships.

"It's true, Davis Cup Challenge Rounds are different and you certainly get pretty keyed up. It's a big thing when you realize that you alone represent your entire country.

"Harry Hopman claims a lot of credit for Australia's Davis Cup victories and says when he's sitting alongside the court his boys are at least 15 points a match better. I don't think it's true. He may help his boys a little, but not that much. He was regarded as great when they were winning, but last year—while they were losing to us—I didn't notice him giving them any great tips on how to change their strategy. If a captain is great and is as smart as Hopman is given credit for being, he should come up with an answer when being beaten.

"I guess I get as nervous as the next guy before a big match—especially if it's in the Davis Cup Challenge Round. But I think I'm enough of a competitor and am certainly serious enough about wanting to win, that it's not likely

that it's going to be difficult to get me prepared mentally and physically to be at my best. If you go on the tennis court a little apprehensively, wondering how tough your opponent is going to be, I think you'll play better in the long run. You've got to be a little keyed up and nervous to start with, but once you get warmed up and into the match, then you start to produce.

"There are still lots of things to think about, though, even during the match. Although you should know your fundamentals by now, it does no harm to remind yourself with some dedicated concentration about even the most elemental phases of the game—even such as watching the ball. I also run over and over in my mind the weaknesses of the other guy—and seldom go into a match without some idea of the pattern I'm going to play. If I'm losing I'll always follow the old sports saying, 'Never change a winning game but always change a losing game.' I'll change even though I may feel what I've been doing is the best thing. If it's not winning for you, what can you lose changing?"

THE AUSTRALIAN TROUBLE

"Going back a second to my being a competitor—maybe I should say something about what happened a couple of years ago in Australia. Well, I suppose everybody knows by now how I criticized the crowds down there for cheering when I double faulted in the crucial match against Lew Hoad. Maybe I wasn't too sharp about that.

"But that was only the beginning. A few weeks later I played John Bromwich in the Australian National Championships. I won the first two sets 6-1, 6-1. There was very little applause and you could have heard a pin drop in the stadium. John is a veteran, very popular and very clever, and he's always trying to fool you. He changed his game and won the third set and the people went crazy. In the fourth set he got ahead and it got so bad that people started booing while the ball was in play. Inside of me there was suddenly a culmination of all the things we'd been forced to go through during three months there—and I simply blew my stack.

"I did something in that match that I've never tried to convince anyone was right. I quit. Sure, I stayed on the court till it was over, but my way of saying, 'I've had enough, I pass' was that I simply didn't try any more.

"The one mistake I think I've made in my tennis career was quitting that match. I'd never quit before, haven't since and would never do it again.

"My big winning streak this season has a few people moaning that I'm all ripe for an upset. Well, I don't feel that way at all. I feel the more you can win, the better off you are because you make other players respect you. And a lot of the players will get so they don't feel they can beat you because you've won so many times. When you have a winning streak going for you, I think it puts the pressure on the other players rather than on you. Now I approach each tournament and each individual match as though it was the last and most important one I'm going to play."

There was a knock on the door and Bill Talbert walked in. "You ready for lunch, Trabert?" he asked.

"Can't make it," Trabert said. "I've got to meet a news-reel guy, see the doc about my shoulder and then go on a radio show."

The two young men from Cincinnati walked toward the door. Trabert, still showing just the right amount of confidence, had one parting word. "If you want my opinion on the subject, I think we'll retain the Davis Cup this weekend. Furthermore, I think we'll do what we did last year: clinch it in the first two days." (END)

YESTERDAY

THE BABE BOWS OUT

The once great Ruth, eyes and bat failing in 1935, for a day shoved fans he was still Sultan of Swat

by **ROBERT L. SLEVIN**



HE SUFFERED THE TERRIBLE SADNESS OF A PLAYER WHO IS THROUGH

WHEN Babe Ruth quit the Yanks after the 1934 season following a managerial showdown with Owner Jake Ruppert, in which the colonel blandly affirmed his satisfaction with Joe McCarthy, the question was: what of the Babe's future in baseball?

At this time, the National League's Boston Braves were a limp assortment of players built around the big bat of Center Fielder Wally Berger. In 1934 they finished fourth, as high as they'd finished since 1916, when they came in third; and they gave no indication of improving. Boston fans were avoiding Braves Field.

Owner Emil Fuchs, to whom the tickle of the cash register was as cathedral chimes, thought Ruth might be a way to woo his patrons. With a glittering bait of meaningless titles, he approached the Babe.

In February of 1935, the Babe signed as vice president, assistant manager and part-time outfielder. Apparently everyone but Ruth knew it was a farcical attempt to capitalize on his drawing power. Manager McKechnie, on the most uncomfortable spot in baseball, wisely said nothing and opened the season with the Bam in left field.

Forty, corpulent and slowed to a gentle trot, Ruth—except for flashes of his old form—was a travesty of his once great self. His eyes were failing, and base hits were few and far between. Boston pitchers, hard-working

men, watched fly balls fall for base hits and screamed like wounded animals. Berger wore himself out trying to cover two-thirds of the outfield.

But the fans turned out, and Judge Fuchs bought a bottle of black ink. A small bottle.

On Saturday, May 25, the Braves rolled into Forbes Field to display their new gate attraction to Pittsburgh patrons. Batting less than .200, but with three homers to his credit, Ruth heard more jeers than cheers from fans whose short memory is a gay feature of the American scene.

A DAY FROM THE PAST

The pitching that day wasn't the strongest he'd ever faced, for the Pirate flingers had seen their best days with other clubs—Lucas with the Reds, Bush with the Cubs and Waite Hoyt as a Yankee teammate. Perhaps it was a combination of soft pitching, anger at the fans and resentment at his employers that worked on the once great star. Whatever it was, for that one day the Babe forgot his aching legs, wiped the film from his sad eyes and plucked a day from the past.

He strode to the plate in the first inning with Bill Urbanski on and the venerable Red Lucas pitching for Pittsburgh. Red, with somewhat less respect than he should have shown, served up a fat pitch; Ruth leaned his weight on it, and the ball disappeared into the

stands. The startled Lucas yielded another hit and also left the field.

In the third the big fellow came up with Les Mallon on and the ex-Cub work horse, Guy Bush, working for the Pirates. Bush, unperturbed by the fate of his predecessor, wound up and fired away. The Bam wound up and whacked the ball on top of the right field stands and trotted around the bases. The roaring tribute of the unbelieving fans was a gratifying sound.

In the fifth inning the situation was the same, with Mallon waiting on base for a lift home. It was a moral victory for the Pittsburgh hunker that he held the Babe to a single, although he did drive in his fifth run.

By the time the seventh had rolled around, the Braves were behind in spite of Ruth's heroic stickwork. Bush fired one down the middle. The Babe brought his bat around from behind his left ear and sent a towering shot high over the wall into Schenley Park for the longest drive they had ever seen in Pittsburgh. The shattered Bush was led away and given a hot shower to soothe his nerves, Waite Hoyt finishing for the Bucs.

Ruth, with three homers, a single and six runs batted in, quit in the seventh; the fans rose and gave him an ovation that stopped the game.

Eight days later, on June 2, bone-weary and embittered, baseball's greatest player retired from the game. (ENR)



Bass Weejun®
No. 750, Black
No. 734, Brown

ALWAYS IN STYLE

• The "new" Continental design in footwear has always been a feature of genuine Bass Weejuns®. These original indoor-outdoor leisure shoes also offer the superb comfort of true moccasin construction.



Bass Weejun® Sles
No. 6175, Black
No. 6164, Brown

GENUINE

Bass Weejuns*

G. H. BASS & COMPANY, 176 MAIN STREET, WILTON, MAINE

WEEKLY CIRCULATION

600,000

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

ADMIT BEARER TO
SPORTS EVENTS
AROUND THE WORLD

52 WEEKS

TOTAL 52 WEEKS FOR \$7.50

600,000

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

ADMIT BEARER TO

SPORTS EVENTS

AROUND THE WORLD

52 WEEKS

TOTAL 52 WEEKS FOR \$7.50

The coupon below will bring **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** to you (or a friend) every week for 52 weeks. It's the ideal way to be at sports events you cannot go to. For birthdays, other special occasions, why not give **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**? Fill in proper spaces below and mail today.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 540 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 10, Illinois
Please send 52 weekly issues of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** to:

Name (please print)

Address

City State Zip

From

☐ Is a gift, sign my name like this

☐ The above subscription is for me. Please bill me for \$7.50 at the same address.

☐ The above subscription is a gift. Please bill me for \$7.50 at this address:

Name

Address

City State Zip

(These rates apply in Continental U.S. and Canada only.) \$5.05

MENZIES

continued from page 39

words. They have made me an admirer of American education.

I have one very happy recollection of how a player can go wrong, and then go right so splendidly that his original error is almost affectionately remembered. Tony Trabert, a superb young champion, was defeated in a crucial match at Melbourne in 1953; defeated by a stroke or two in a match he had looked like winning. In his bitter disappointment he made publicly rude remarks about the behavior of the crowd. (The crowd had, in fact, blended patriotism with judgment very fairly!) There were adverse comments on Trabert all over Australia.

A GRACIOUS SPEECH

Last year, at Sydney, Trabert and Seixas took the Davis Cup from us by the most concentrated exhibition of skill, fitness and determination I have seen for a long time. Speeches were made when the Cup was handed over. Trabert's turn came. There were 25,000 in the stands, and probably a couple of million listening in. Trabert had a magnificent ovation. He smiled, looked around the stands, and said: "Thank you for that. I was wondering what you would do. A year ago I said some foolish things. But I think I can tell you that I have learned from experience!" The applause was deafening. The Stars and Stripes flew high!

I wish (if you can print such a hereby) that I could be as sure of the contribution to international good will of the sporting critics and writers. The best are, of course, superb. But to paraphrase the old nursery rhyme—

But when they're bad they're horrid.

All of the great international games are deprived of some of the good they otherwise do by the type of writer who looks for mischief—ferrets out and exaggerates personal incidents; writes about tennis as if it were a civil (and not very civil) war; and ends up by producing all the news not fit to print.

Still, great games and great nations can survive such blemishes. When I come toward the sunset of my own life and find myself thinking of tennis, it will not be the sensation-merchants I will recall. It will be the eager figures of Roosevelt and Trabert and Seixas and, further back into what will be a misty past, the fierce power of Patterson's service and the calm, white-clad mastery of Norman Brookes. These are the figures that live. (END)

PHYSICAL FITNESS MUST START
IN THE SCHOOLS

Sir:

I read with interest Mr. Boyle's article *The Report That Shocked the President* (81, Aug. 15) and the accompanying comments offered by various people in public life.

We are perhaps the greatest sports-loving nation in the world. A casual glance at the sports pages and the entire sports scene would lead one to the conclusion that we are also one of the great sports-participating nations. This, unfortunately, is erroneous. We do not have mass sports participation in this country.

The Little League seemingly blankets the nation, but this program is barely scratching the surface. In every community that has a Little League, three or four times as many try out for the teams as are finally chosen, and there are thousands of 12-year-old boys who do not try out because the physical education programs in this nation have failed to develop in the boys even the basic skills for playing baseball.

The Golden Gloves Program enrolls only a small percentage of our youth. There are 26,786,000 children enrolled in the elementary schools in this country and 7,239,000 enrolled in the secondary schools. It would be interesting to know how many of them participate in the Little League, varsity athletics or any other organized programs.

As far as spectator enjoyment and entertainment goes, we are second to no one. We are doing a grand job in the United States of providing sports participation for the highly skilled. We are a nation of sports specialists; our array of champions proves. But no matter how fine such a specialist program is—and it is wonderful—we need to expand the school programs to give every child and youth in America the opportunity to participate in athletic competition through physical education classes.

I should like to call your attention to a statement by the Educational Policy Commission (NEA):

"We believe that the experience of playing athletic games should be part of the education of all children and youth who attend school in the United States."

RAY O. DUNCAN

Dean

School of Physical
Education and AthleticsWest Virginia University
Morgantown, W. Va.

• Dr. Duncan is the President-Elect of the American Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation, a guiding force in formulating President Eisenhower's plans for a physical fitness program.—ED.

BIGGER AND BETTER TEAMS?

Sir:

Any problem of our youth should first be approached through the school systems, but two closely related beliefs among edu-

cators, boards of education and taxpayers are, I feel, basic to the whole problem of physically unfit youth.

The first of these is the ever-present fear of overemphasis in athletics. The other is the idea that a coach is not a human being and therefore is not entitled to remuneration comparable to the hourly wage of the lowest of common laborers.

Before coming to the Madison (New Jersey) High School, where I coach three sports in addition to my teaching chores, I had a burning desire to coach boys. That desire still remains, but a wife and three children make coaching more and more a desire I can't afford to pursue. I am sure that I am one among many coaches who feel this way. Without good high school and prep school coaches the athletes of this country are doomed.

FRANK STALLINGS

Morris Plains, N.J.

COMPETITION ALONE IS NOT ENOUGH

Sir:

SI in general, and Robert H. Boyle in particular, deserve the praise and indebtedness of the nation for the excellent and fair article concerning this nation's present physical fitness status.

The problem is not with spectator sports, of which we have a plethora of the finest, or with those who are athletes enough to play them. It is with the idea that athletes are specially gifted persons able to make teams and that all the rest of us must be content to be their flabby admirers, exercising only our lungs.

Perhaps it is not possible to place the responsibility on any one group of people, for many are to blame: win-conscious athletic coaches, featurizing sportswriters, overzealous parents, proud schools, unwitting sporting-goods establishments.

I would like to point out briefly one major fallacy in the idea that the solution to our present fitness problem is more athletic

competition for our youth. A review of physical education in the United States since 1915 will show how the stress on competitive athletics alone has failed to prepare men for the national emergencies of the two world wars and the Korean conflict. The reasons for this were hinted at by Mr. Boyle: athletic contests do not involve those average boys who need physical development most; and many of our favorite sports do not require the competitor to be in top physical condition. We must remember, too, that adequate programs for girls must also be established. This aspect is frequently forgotten.

I sincerely hope that Vice President Nixon, when forming his committee, will ask the advice of professional physical educators who know physical fitness programs; and I am glad that "SI expects to return to the subject."

ROBERT H. MCCOLLUM

Dillard, Oregon

EMPHASIS ON THE WRONG SPORTS?

Sir:

"EVENTS & DISCOVERIES" "A Coddled U.S.A.?" and Bob Boyle's article on *The Report That Shocked the President* are of real interest to me because of my work with the Testing Program in the Physical Education Department here at the Naval Academy.

In my years of teaching physical education both on the high school and college level, I have fought the trend toward the passer type of sports that many areas have allowed to dominate their programs completely. One of my pet peeves has been that so many in the field of physical education make no attempt to analyze just what their athletic program is doing for their children.

It is true that the American lad rebels at formal work such as calisthenics, but I

continued on next page



believe that a combination of this type of workout, plus applied strength tests, plus emphasis on sports (such as soccer) that offer a more vigorous challenge to more individuals, would definitely improve the overall fitness of the group. The physical education teacher must become a better salesman and interest the children in developing a certain amount of physical pride.

In my years of close association with both high school and college kids I have tested enough of them to realize that certain sets of muscles in the body are being neglected. I used to give the following test to high school gym classes: a gym mat was placed at right angles to four ropes suspended from the ceiling. The ropes were placed two feet apart with another mat at right angles beyond the ropes. The space between the mats and below the four ropes was considered a tremendous drop of 100 feet. The kids were given an opportunity to reach out from one mat, grasping the first rope. Using their hands and feet they were to work their way across and down on the far mat. Those that slipped off would be killed by the imaginary 100-foot drop. Statistics kept on this dramatic test of the arms and shoulders indicated that only 35% would have escaped death.

GLENN F. H. WARNER
Associate Professor
Dept. of Physical Education
U.S. Naval Academy

Annapolis, Md.

ARE THE SCHOOLS RELUCTANT?

Sirs:

This is to thank you and SI for the splendid broadside on American physical fitness in your First Anniversary issue. From your EVENTS & DISCOVERIES editorial—at once judicious and provocative—through Robert H. Boyle's *Report*—an accolade for this admirably simple and informative presentation of a complex subject—to the 40-odd statements assembled by Jimmy Jemal: this was a tour de force that should evoke active response in every state—even in every school—in the land.

My own efforts to make America a stronger nation began in 1926. All our national strength, courage, perseverance and even patriotism depend in the final analysis on strength in muscles. For many, many years I have urged the schools of this country to develop these qualities in our youth through physical fitness programs. I have always believed that strength, physical fitness, success in athletics and even pleasure in sport are one and the same thing.

If this sounds trite and obvious let me say that this thesis has been ridiculed, even in official educational circles, for just as many years.

May your follow-up articles not be long delayed! A program for better physical fitness is of prime import to this nation's progress.

FREDERICK RAND ROGERS
New York Harbor, N.Y.

● Dr. Rogers, a pioneer in physical-fitness testing, is the originator of the much-used Rogers Physical Fitness Index.—ED.

WE HAVE OUR PROBLEMS

Sirs:

The school physical education instructor has his own problems.

Just let any physical education man force a boy to do anything and the parents of some scream "IE sue!" This attitude has chilled the enthusiasm of many teachers.

Admiral Byrd states: "A program requires...trained leaders who should, insofar as possible, combine the qualities of sports coach, the educator and the juvenile psychologist. The program will be as effective as its leadership."

Admiral, this combination of Knute Rockne, John Dewey and Arnold Gentili is hard to find.

BILL MURPHY

Glendale, Calif.

IT LOOKS DIFFERENT FROM THE INSIDE

Sirs:

Everybody agrees that something should be done, but very few people understand how little money is available to those dedicated to running youth sports programs. If money were available and facilities placed at our disposal, all youth in any community would have an opportunity to participate in sports of some form or other. It is a tough situation when an individual such as myself, with a few assistants, has to set up, promote and just about finance various programs. The lack of cooperation by local, state and national agencies discourages the continuation of these programs.

I suggest that members of the President's committee call in or contact the individuals who are spending the many hours on the fields. It would amaze the committee to hear their side of the story.

AL J. PRATTARE

Rochester, N.Y.

RED ROVER FOR THE FUN OF IT

Sirs:

In my opinion, at least three-quarters of the answers to Jimmy Jemal's question on the Kraus-Prudden report completely missed the point.

They recommend elaborate "programs," compulsory athletics, more Little Leagues, tax-supported organizations, coaching by famous athletes, more money, even a cabinet post. All but a few ignore the fact that elaborate organization makes for competition by the selected few. Professional coaches need winning teams and the coach turns to the natural athletes. Those who lack aptitude become operators. There is no objection to this if what we want is champions and championship teams but it has exactly the wrong effect on the physically average or subaverage boy or girl.

The old-fashioned games such as red rover, prisoner's base, cops and robbers, duck-on-the-rock were never written up, never supervised, and never part of a "program," but any and all children of varying ages and varying skills took part. No one practiced these games; they just played them. There were no world champions; no outstanding Olympic figures; no published records. The primary feature was fun and plenty of it.

Maybe we now overdo the idea of paid coaches, even in formal athletics. Who coached Bannister? Landy? Zatopek? Bannister, at least, has said that he ran for the love of it.

GEORGE P. MEADE

Gramercy, La.

A MOTHER'S CHALLENGE

Sirs:

I direct this letter to Miss Prudden (who must have been working with monkeys, not children) because of her saying that American children do not exercise enough and should be allowed to climb trees and fences.

Miss Prudden, I suggest you follow an American child through the course of a day, try giving him breakfast while his boyfriends wait outside dressed in their cowboy, Indian or space suits hoping to discover a buried treasure in the prairie they have been digging up for two months. Lecture him on why he should come straight home from school instead of roughing it up with the boys in his good clothes. And, last but not least, in answer to your remark "a broken arm is not a catastrophe," you take the place of the mother whose child is critically injured because she believed in complete freedom from parental supervision.

Regardless of the times or the toys or the big words you use for the situation, kids today are the Chopin, Babe Ruths, Einsteins and Rembrandts of the future and, Pruddy, if you find me a combination child of those four you will get a medal for your muscles.

RUTH M. VAULMAN

Chicago

PLAYING THE PERCENTAGES

Sirs:

When you attempt to beat the races be sure that the percentage is in your favor. Percentages favor Nashua over Swaps by 8 to 1. Here's why:

- 1) "Sunny Jim" is America's top trainer of all time.
- 2) Araro is one of the top jockeys of all time.
- 3) Nashua is built like an early American blockhouse. He has power, plus the combined speed of Coldtown and Citation.

RUGH G. MATTHESON

Los Angeles

MONEY MAKER

Sirs:

SI's interest in the coming match race of Swaps and Nashua gives me a thrill as I was in the grandstand at Windsor, Ontario in 1926 and watched the great Man o' War make a monkey out of Sir Barton, the undefeated Canadian champion, in a match race.

I'll go for Swaps and Shoemaker on August 31.

J. W. HENKLE

Detroit

THE COMPANY SHE KEEPS

Sirs:

Amid the tumult and shouting about the Nashua-Swaps match race, it is a pity that so many have been most unsportsmanlike in expressing their opinions. I hasten to add that I, in company with the astute gentlemen at Caliente, am rooting for Swaps—but I'm not going to call Nashua any unkind names or describe his looks (conformation) in such unfortunate terms as another reader has used ("a moss-jawed, dull-eyed, haphazardly bred inmate of what looks like a camp for migrant workers...") 19TH HOLE, Aug. 15) in describing Swaps's appearance.

EMILIE C. BROCHLEET

San Francisco



SKI PROFESSOR DAN MURPHY

Dan Murphy, 21, shown instructing Mrs. C. L. Christian, 21, of Brooklyn on Lake George, N.Y., has made a profitable business of water skiing instruction in four short years. Now a senior at the University of North Carolina majoring in history, Murphy started skiing himself on Long Island Sound when he was 14. After graduating from high school, Dan borrowed enough money to open a water ski school

on Lake George, has since opened another one there and two more at Westhampton Beach and Sayville on Long Island. Dan employs eight instructors in his school, guarantees to teach the rudiments of the sport in one lesson. He estimates that his schools will teach 2,000 persons this year. In addition to teaching, he has made movie shorts on water skiing, tours with his own traveling stunt troupe.



THINK



© Carling Brewing Company, Cleveland, O.; Bethesda, Md.; St. Louis, Mo.

...and you'll drink *Red Cap*

FIRST, think of the lightest, driest beer you ever tasted.

NEXT, think of the extra flavor and "heart" that only fine ale can give.

NOW, think of them both together. That's RED CAP—the light-hearted ale! Next time you're thirsty, think—and drink RED CAP, Carling's Red Cap Ale.



*I am thinking . . .
—so now I'm drinking Red Cap . . .*

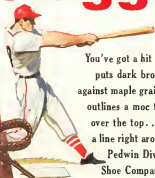
Carling's **RED CAP** Ale



THE BEST BREWS IN THE WORLD COME FROM CARLING'S

● SEE DEFENDING CHAMPIONS JULIUS BOROŠ AND MARTY FURDOL AT THE CARLING-SPONSORED GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP, CHARLES RIVER COUNTRY CLUB, BOSTON, SEPT. 22-25, 1955.

3-eyelet moc goes big league with maple grain
...all-round piping
the Pedwin
slugger



You've got a hit when Pedwin puts dark brown piping up against maple grain leather and outlines a moc toe... curves over the top... and follows a line right around the shoe. Pedwin Division, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis.

995

Other styles,
\$7.95 to \$9.95
Higher Dyeing West



pedwin
YOUNG IDEAS IN SHOES